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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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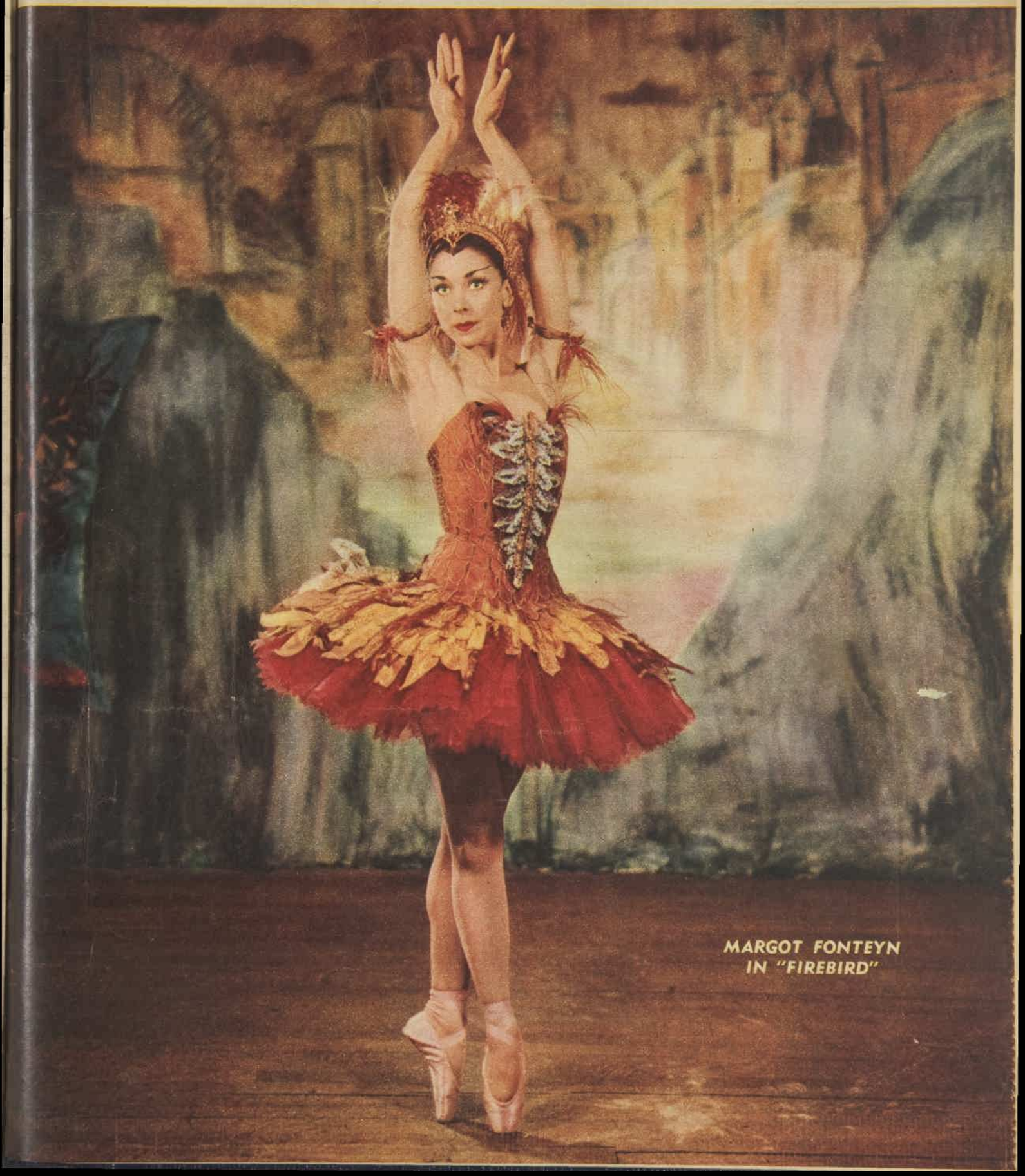

MARGOT FONTEYN IN "FIREBIRD"

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VISITORS to Mrs. T. Palmerston's smart home in Killeaton Street, St. Ives, N.S.W., admire her striking contemporary furniture and beautiful gleaming floors. Yet these floors are no trouble to care for, Mrs. Palmerston cleans and polishes them in one easy operation with Johnson's Beautiflor.

Beautiful homes stay beautiful with **JOHNSON'S** world-famous **waxes!**

Johnson's BEAUTIFLOR dry-cleans and waxes floors in one easy operation

Floors which get a lot of traffic get a lot of ground-in dirt! If you believe the answer is hard labour with a scrubbing brush you're in for a pleasant surprise the first time you use Johnson's Beautiflor — the liquid wax which cleans and polishes in one operation. Johnson's Beautiflor contains a dry-cleaner which gets straight down to business removing stubborn dirt and stains while you polish. Your furniture and floors — wood, linoleum and vinyl plastic — gleam with a rich hard-wearing lustre.

Johnson's Paste Wax gives floors a beautiful future

If you're looking for the toughest, brightest protection for your floors and furniture you're looking for Johnson's Paste Wax. For more than half a century, Johnson's Wax has been protecting beautiful floors and surfaces from dirt, wear and moisture. Johnson's Paste Wax is wonderfully easy and economical to use. Discover its 1,000 and 1 uses round your home and you'll understand why it's the largest-selling paste wax in the world.

JOHNSON'S THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF WAX POLISHES

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT • JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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TIME TO TAKE A CHANCE

SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND spoke commonsense to the Citizenship Convention in Canberra recently when he argued that to progress Australia must take risks.

Any country which is too cautious or frightened to take a chance, and wants to play safe all the time, will rapidly stagnate and decay.

To progress, as lonely Australia must progress if she is to survive, she must not only face her political, economic, and social problems as they come but must go out and find and solve them before they become acute.

With 9,500,000 people in a country almost the same size as the United States, the Australian people must, as Sir Douglas says, "accept immigration as an article of faith in themselves."

This doesn't mean that Australia should pack this country with far more migrants than she can hope to absorb, but the national objective to people this thinly held continent must be pushed to the limit — and beyond.

To do this Australians must work harder, grow more food, build many more homes, win new export markets, and extend their national development schemes.

Optimistic people with faith, not weary sadsacks, build nations with pride and a deep-felt sense of national community.

And the characteristics Australians have never lacked are optimism, courage, and a willingness to take a chance.

Our cover:

● This week's cover of famous ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn is, we think, one of the most dramatic and colorful photographs we have reproduced. Taken by the late Baron, well-known Court photographer, it shows Dame Margot in classic pose in costume for Stravinsky's "The Firebird." The forthcoming visit to Australia in May of the prima ballerina is a looked-for event in ballet circles.

This week:

● One of our biggest surprises came from an analysis of the mountain of mail that arrived for Louise Hunter in 1956. The surprise—a teenager's greatest worry is the development of her bust. Allied to the requests for advice on how to make it bigger, smaller, more shapely is the shy: "I don't like to ask Mum." Pages 12 and 13 are for the girls who are perplexed; all their queries have been answered in a specially written article.

Next week:

● There's nothing like a new man in a woman's life to make her pay more attention to her looks. Next week we publish a special three-page supplement with hints on how to bring your beauty to its peak. The beauty routine has been specially designed to fit into the busy lives led by today's young moderns who want to keep their new men entranced.

● Two fascinating pages of color photographs in next week's issue show the courtship of the satin bowerbird, one of several species of bowerbirds found in Australia and New Guinea. The photographs are some of the most remarkable ever taken.

● In next week's instalment of "Ladies Behave", the new witty guide to modern manners, the authors deal with some of the hazards of speech you have to guard against if you want to get on in the world. They say that slang is no longer "distinctly common," but it is "distinctly dating."

BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

Fact is often stranger than fiction

● Next time you feel "It could never happen outside a book," don't be too sure.

In "The Fabulous Originals" (Longmans, Green) American Irving Wallace has produced a fund of documentation to prove that fact is indeed often a good deal stranger than fiction.

SEVEN years' research ("exotic drudgery, but fun") went into preparing these lives of extraordinary people who inspired memorable characters in fiction.

Louisa M. Alcott mirrored her entire family in "Little Women." Sir Walter Scott's Lady Rowena, of "Ivanhoe," was a recognisable portrait of Rebecca Gratz, who, following an unhappy love affair, devoted the rest of her life to good works. She died in 1869.

Charles Dickens was a constant offender in using members of his family for literary characters.

Of his mother he once said, "Mrs. Nickleby, sitting bodily before me, once asked whether I really believed there was ever such a woman."

He used Maria Beadnell, his first love, as Dora in "David Copperfield." Dickens himself was David.

One of the most interesting chapters in "The Fabulous Originals" discusses the controversy concerning the original of Sherlock Holmes.

The Doyle heirs loyally insist that Holmes was Doyle himself. But a mass of documentation points to it being Dr. Joseph Bell, eminent Scottish surgeon, friend of Florence Nightingale and former medical lecturer to Conan Doyle.

Dr. Bell's classroom wizardry in deduction from observation influenced five decades of Edinburgh medical students, including Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir James Barrie.

An all but watertight case is made to show that the original of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was William Brodie, prosperous Edinburgh businessman by day, masked prowler by night.

Third of the fabulous originals Wallace treats at length is Alexander Selkirk (another Scotsman). Early in the 18th century, after six years spent alone marooned on a tiny island west of Valparaiso, he was rescued by an English privateer sailing with Dampier.

Selkirk returned to London to become a fleeting celebrity and the inspiration of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

Our copy from Morgan's Book Shop.

SYDNEY FOR SIN, Mary Corrigan (Angus and Robertson). Fair enough fast-talking, fast-loving, and fast-shooting detective story by an Australian author. Set—despite the title—in Melbourne.

AMERICAN GEISHA, Marion Taylor (Bles). Japan as seen by the wife of a Colonel of the occupying U.S. Army. Over-bright and forced, yet it has its moments—such as when the family spend a weekend "living Japanese" and attend the famous mixed bathing spa of Nobetsu.

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WILDFIRE AT MIDNIGHT

Second instalment of our five-part mystery serial

By MARY STEWART

THE restful holiday at Skye planned by GIANETTA DRURY, model for London dress-designer MONTEFIOR, started badly. She meets her ex-husband, NICHOLAS, for the first time since their divorce four years previously. Annoyed and embarrassed, she alters her entry in the visitors' book to her maiden name of BROOKE.

Among people staying at the hotel, conducted by MAJOR PERSIMMON, are MARCIA MALING, popular actress, replete with expensive car and chauffeur FELIX; COLONEL AND MRS. COWDRAY-SIMPSON, MR. AND MRS. HARTLEY CORRIGAN, ALASTAIR BRAINE, RONALD BEAGLE, HUBERT HAY, and RODERICK GRANT.

Gianetta is aware of an atmosphere of tension at the hotel, and this increases when two other guests, MARION BRADFORD and ROBERTA SYMES, announce their intention of climbing BLAVEN. When out walking that evening, Roderick Grant tells Gianetta that a local girl has been murdered on BLAVEN.

NOW READ ON:

Hubert seemed delighted with the way Gianetta posed gracefully beside the stream.

WE sat on a slab of rock and lit cigarettes. Away below us, cradled in its purple hollow, Loch na Creitheach gleamed with a hard bright light like polished silver. Two ducks flew across it, not a foot above their own reflections.

"Who was the girl?" I asked, "and who did it?"

Roderick Grant answered the latter question first.

"We still don't know who did it. That's what I meant when I said it was a nasty problem. The police —" He frowned down at the cigarette in his fingers, then said: "I'd better start at the beginning, hadn't I?"

"Please do."

"The girl's name was Heather Macrae. Her father's a crofter, who does some ghillying for the hotel folks in summer time; you'll probably meet him. His croft's three or four miles up the Strath na Creitheach, the river that flows into the far end of this loch . . . Well, it seems Heather Macrae was 'keeping company' with a lad from the village, one Jamesy Farlane, and so, when she took to staying out a bit later in the long spring evenings, her folk didn't worry about it. They thought they knew who she was with."

"And it wasn't Jamesy after all?"

"Jamesy says not. He says it very loud and clear. But then, of course," said Roderick Grant, "he would."

"And if it wasn't Jamesy, who could it have been?"

"Jamesy says he and Heather had a quarrel — yes, he admits it quite openly. He says she'd begun to avoid him, and when finally he tackled her with it she flared up and said she was going with a better chap than he was. A gentleman, Jamesy says she told him." He glanced at me. "A gentleman from the hotel."

"Oh, no!" I said.

"I'm afraid so."

"But — that doesn't mean the man from the hotel was necessarily —"

"The murderer? I suppose not, but there's a strong probability — if, that is, he existed at all. We have only Jamesy Farlane's word for that. What we do know is that Heather Macrae went out on the evening of May the thirteenth to meet a man. She told her parents that she 'had a date.'"

"And — on Blaven, you said?"

His voice was sombre.

"This bit isn't nice, but I'd better tell you. At about midnight that night, some men who were out late on Loch Scavaig — I suspect they were poaching sea trout — saw what looked like a great blaze of fire half-way up Blaven. They were mystified but of course not alarmed. It's bare rock, so they weren't afraid of it spreading. They went on with their job, whatever it was, and kept an eye on the fire. One of them had a look through some night-glasses and said it was a column of flame, like a big bonfire, but that its base was out of sight behind a rocky bluff."

He paused. "Well, they got more and more puzzled. Who

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YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

New FLOWER FRAGRANT MUM

Now stops odour 24 hours a day American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—
Safer for Skin—
Safer for Clothes

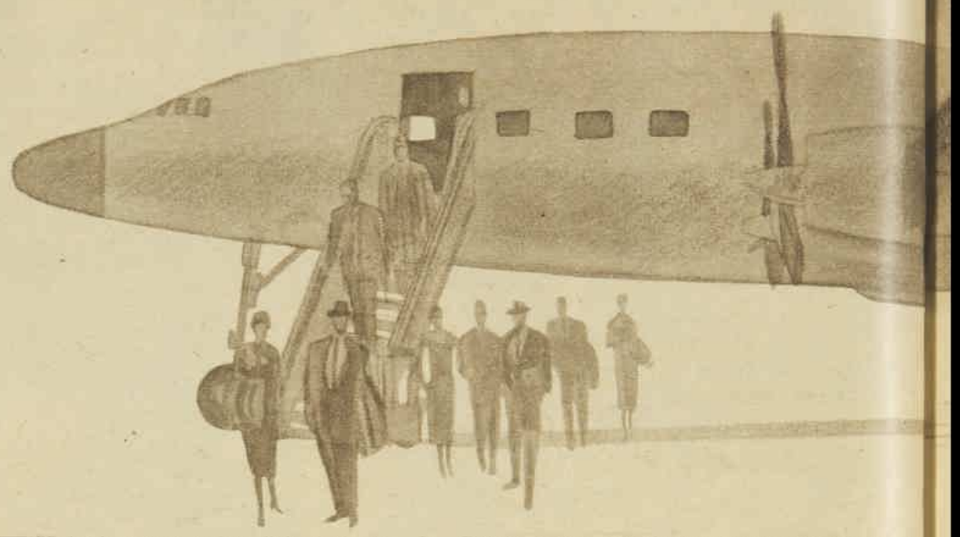
New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MU44A

A wonderful offer of a new Candy Hardy frock is available to readers in next week's issue. The smart one-piece frock is obtained at low cost cut out ready to make or ready to sew.

I STILL LOVE YOU



HER lunch came on a clever little plastic tray. In spite of her preoccupation—for the whole extraordinary situation went round and round like a gramophone record in her head—Louie could not help being interested.

There were little stamped-out places for everything that might be needed. A large circle for the main plate, a small one for the glass of wine and another for a cup of coffee, not yet in the tray. And a long narrow impression contained knife, fork, and a plastic spoon. There was a paper napkin and some tiny containers for salt and pepper.

While she was eating the excellent meal, the aircraft gave an absent-minded lurch, as if it had forgotten for a moment to keep flying. Louie's heart lurched with it, and she realised again where she was and what she was going to. But not even this was really clear. When she arrived at the hospital, whom would she find? Her husband or his brother? Worse still, if she really dragged the thought up: whom did she want to find? Well, of course she wanted to find Peter, her husband. Of course she did. And yet . . .

She remembered again those first days, so long ago, when she had been in love with Phillip, the elder Raine brother. She had not even met Peter then. In any case, Phillip was always the exciting one, the leader and the dominator.

He had the most fascinating way of looking down at you, rather carelessly. At eighteen she had thought this wonderful. She was an unsophisticated girl, without experience. Phillip was her first man friend and her first love.

With him she experienced all those first magical feelings which we go through only once. The extraordinary pleasure of a hard cheek against your own soft one, or of a clipped neck in your rounded hand.

Looking back, she saw that Phillip was a clever lover. He had known just how to draw her on till she was ready to do anything he wanted, till she spent most of her time thinking about him and longing for their next meeting. He had no trouble at all in persuading her to do what she thought was wrong. Just because it was wrong it was like one more thing she could offer to him. Looking out of the small window at the neat pattern of fields and hedges 19,000 feet below, she smiled at her own memories: had she really been such a fool? The wry answer was, yes, you were and you weren't the only one.

For the day had come when Phillip made this clear to her. She had assumed, in her naive way, that they would be married. Phillip had laughed. Perhaps, she saw now, it was rather laughable. But then his laughter had been like knives in her heart. As she wept alone in her room at night she told herself, I shall never get over it, never.

And it had indeed been a much quieter, more sensible girl who had met Phillip's brother Peter a year later. At first she was attracted because he looked so like Phillip. The same dark eyes and hair, the same shaped hands. But the resemblance was only physical. Peter was not so bold and brave a figure. He was quiet, reserved, a deep-feeling, reliable young man.

He fell in love with Louie as she had once loved Phillip, so wildly, so happily. As for her own feelings she could no longer now be sure. His looks were irresistible to her. But had she really loved him as you ought to love the man you marry? Eight years later, sitting in the plane remembering, she could no longer tell.

Certainly they had been happy together. Perhaps a less exciting love was the best kind for marriage. But there were times when Phillip came to the house, and looked down at her, when she found herself flushing and turning away awkwardly. Once or twice, passing behind him with a cup of coffee or the decanter, she had felt her fingers longing to shape themselves round his dark head.

And then, three weeks ago, that frightful evening.

Phillip and Peter were flying to Greece on a business trip the next morning. Peter had suggested that Phillip should spend the night with them before an early departure. They had dined together in a good imitation of family contentment. A bottle of wine had been produced by Peter to celebrate their success in bringing off this business coup; then another to encourage them (he said), and then another because it was such good wine, and finally one more to finish the evening.

The wine was a good Chablis with plenty of strength in it, and Peter poured out some brandy with the coffee. By the end of the evening they all felt pleasantly that everyday controls were far away.

Louie went upstairs first. Peter said he had a few things to fix. Crossing the landing in her dressing-gown she ran suddenly into Phillip's arms. One minute she was alone, the next somehow, he was there and fiercely enveloping her.

"Louie, you little witch." Phillip talked in this rather corny way for the simple reason that he found it always worked. "You wore that white dress to tease me. You know quite well what it does to me."

Louie couldn't speak.

"Sometimes I wish I had married you after all, darling. God knows you wanted it enough, didn't you?"

At this point they both heard a strangled sound from the hall below, then quick steps and the front door closing with a bang.

Louie wrenched herself backward. "Phillip, you are a cad, aren't you? Leave me alone, can't you?"

"Are you sure you want me to?" With a smile and a lifted eyebrow Phillip turned away into his own room.

Louie sat by the window in her bedroom. Had Peter heard? If so, she knew he would be frantic with grief and jealousy. Phillip had always done better than he, made a better show, been the admired one. She knew that his marriage had done a great deal to heal this feeling of being only second best. For this reason she had never told him about Phillip. And because she could not bear to discuss the wretched story with anyone. Her own feelings were still too sore at first, and later on it was impossible.

When she was not worrying about Peter she turned over in her mind Phillip's last remark. "Are you sure you want me to leave you alone?" "Are you sure . . .?" "Are you sure . . ." And she could only repeat the same frightening question to herself.

Some time in the night Peter had come back. He spoke furiously, unreasonably, but worse than that was his beaten look. He looked like a man who was dazed with misery. And he would not give her a chance to explain anything.

"I might have known . . . I might have known," he re-

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A dramatic short story

By HERO KANIS

ILLUSTRATED BY KICKHEFER

Louie's heart was troubled as she found herself on the tarmac, her long journey over.

peated in a way which cut at her heart. "Phillip always . . . he always got everything I wanted."

"But, darling . . ." she attempted. Suddenly the gentle word seemed an added offence. She saw him flinch.

"You never would have married me if you could have had Phillip. You can't deny it, can you?"

"Oh, Peter . . ."

So it had gone on, a terrible wounding wrangle in which he inflicted the wounds on them both and never let her speak a full sentence. At last he had banged into the spare room and she had not dared to appear at breakfast. That was the last she had seen of either of them.

During the next long horrible day her chief thought had been, could she trust Phillip? If Peter asked him, would Phillip tell him the truth, hurting enough in its way but not what Peter seemed to fear most. He believed that she and Phillip had continued to be lovers after she had married Peter. But if Phillip would behave honestly and decently she could comfort Peter when he came home. She knew she could if he would just give her the chance.

And then the newspaper, the day after. Not a very important item in a world full of conferences where nation was speaking unto nation with at least a pretence of brotherhood.

The report said tersely that the plane had disappeared. It might have crashed into the sea, the writer conjectured. Or, so close to the Iron Curtain, there was a possibility that it had gone off course . . .

The names of the passengers were listed: Mr. P. R. Raine, Mr. P. J. Raine . . .

Louie telephoned to everyone she could think of. The Foreign Office, the airline, even her lawyer. They all repeated the same deadly phrases, "Nothing to be done at the present . . .," "She would be informed if . . .," "No news as yet . . ."

As the days passed, she vacillated between various moods. There was the one where she thought of herself as a widow, all alone in the world and sometimes even planned what black clothes to buy. On other days she imagined Peter miraculously walking in, untouched and cheerful. Every morning when she woke it all came back again and she was filled with the unfounded hope that today, at last, some news would come.

Whenever the telephone rang she bounded towards it, in a torment of nervous wondering. But it was always one of her friends with solicitous inquiries, whose conversation never failed to include the point that no news was good news. It was the frustration of this kind of good news which was the hardest to bear.

Friends asked her to go away and stay with them. But she felt she could not leave the place where news would come when there was some, the place where Peter would come to find her when he mysteriously returned.

A feeling of someone near brought Louie back to the present with a start. The hostess was offering her a cup of coffee.

"Thank you," Louie said, offering a smile. The hostess, a serious, large girl, did not return the smile, and Louie withdrew it, feeling again the strange, almost nightmarish quality of this part of the journey. In the BEA plane going to Berlin it had all been familiar and easy, with the extreme easiness of air travel apparent to those accustomed to trains.

But now, in this strange plane, marked with alien signs and where all the notices were printed in German and another language she could not even read, Louie felt as if she were moving through a dangerous fog, without knowing quite what danger to prepare for.

Now they were flying over that glorious scenery where the ground was made up of bunchy white clouds, and where the sun always shone—the veritable landscape of heaven. Into her mind came the phrase: "There's nothing new under the sun." How stupid such dictums were: denying life and its ever-mounting marvels.

Unable to communicate her thoughts to anyone, she returned to her recent memories. In the middle of the worry and grief a happy scene flashed into her head. Peter coming into the kitchen where she was preparing that last dinner. He looked over her shoulder into the pan. "I say, darling, isn't that sauce a bit grey?" It was. She had carelessely let the butter burn black before adding the flour. Her relationship with Peter was so easy, though, that she never suspected criticism in his comments, or had to defend herself with cross rejoinders.

She turned and laughed at him. "It is rather. I was in a grey mood you see. What with you going away and all."

Peter kissed the back of her neck as she stirred the sauce again. "Ah, Loonie. You're a wonder."

She sighed at the memory. Loonie was his private name for her. So private that it had never been used except between themselves in their moments of best love. In times of reckless gaiety he had even been known to call her Loonie Bin, or even Miss Bin. But the single name was the one she treasured.

The hostess was calling out something. Seat belts, Louie supposed. Her ears hurt frantically; they must be coming down. She looked quickly in her small mirror, and straightened her jacket. Gloves? Oh, and passport, better have that ready. She still felt confidence in her good-looking British passport, in spite of all the frightening stories about the Iron Curtain countries.

The pleasant man at the Foreign Office, when he had at last telephoned with news that the plane had come down and a few of the passengers had survived the crash to be taken to a hospital, had said, "One of our people will meet you at the airport." The plane landed at last with a sickening thump. There was some delay before the passengers were allowed to file out.

Looking through the thick little window, she saw a small crowd below. Several men in greenish uniforms, strange and rather alarming looking because of their high ill-fitting boots, a photographer with flash equipment, and, standing apart in a manner that managed to mingle diffidence with alert authority, a fair grey-flannelled young man who could only be English. Her worried heart cleared for a minute as she saw him. Perhaps there would be some news now.

After some difficult moments with landing cards she found herself walking beside him over the concrete. To her surprise she saw her small red suitcase being wheeled away with the others by two baggy-trousered women. They were sharing

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TOTEM a new design in

Totem 'Vynex' covered chairs (left to right) by courtesy of . . .
"CINTIQUE",
"FEATHERSTON",
"FLER",
"LATEX PRODUCTS"

Sue: "I like the Totem design."

Joan: "Yes, it is attractive, and it's available in five beautiful colours . . . "

Sue: "But with children in the home it's always so difficult to keep things looking smart."

Joan: "Oh, no . . . 'Vynex' is so tough and durable and it doesn't stain, fade or scratch . . . just wipe it with a damp cloth and it has that brand new look."

Sue: "Really, is 'Vynex' easy to buy?"

Joan: "Yes, all the leading furniture stores stock 'Vynex' covered furniture."

Look for the 'Vynex' tag . . . It distinguishes the best from the rest.

Manufactured by:
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

1671.VYN.104X.4100

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POSTSCRIPT TO A PROPOSAL

A short story complete on this page

BY PAUL ERNST

Jean stared with eyes like saucers at the man who suddenly jumped to his feet behind the window.

JUST seconds before the tremendous, wonderful event Jean Harper was drifting along the lower New York street as one does who has no destination, nice ankles flashing now fast, now slow, light brown hair blowing in the wind of mid-October.

The walk in front of her yawned suddenly with a clang of bells, and barely in time she sidestepped to avoid a sidewalk elevator rising from a basement. The man on it whistled cheerily at her, and she felt better about herself.

People didn't whistle at her back home in Sarno, Indiana. They came to the library, got the books handed them by that nice little Miss What's-her-name, and obeyed the building's austere rule: Quiet, please.

Sometimes, walking home at night to the small Victorian house where she lived with her unmarried aunt, Jean Harper wondered if those words had become printed on her forehead.

She paused at a plate-glass window to reassure herself about her appearance. Her reflection, she dared to think, was not quite the anonymous one a Sarno store window might have shown. This had more confidence, it seemed to her, and the dove-grey suit looked rather smart, and the new gloves added a gay touch. But it was a fact that her hair needed attention, and her hand went toward its disarranged, soft wave, and then she saw through the window and into the small store.

A bookstore. Shelves and cases full of books, counters piled with them; and sitting at a cluttered, flat-topped desk to one side, a man——

Jean stared with eyes like saucers at dark, short-cut hair and a strong, shy, bony face with a mouth appearing more sensitive than articulate, though this she might be reading from memory, not contour.

The man looked more thunderstruck than she did. He got to his feet and bolted for the door. "Jean Harper! Of all the —"

"Gus! For heaven's sake!"

His hands reached almost timidly for her shoulders. "You're real. Here . . . in person . . . I can't believe it!"

Looking as if he still didn't believe it, he steered her to his chair and sat on the desk in front of her. "Jean, how on earth—— What are you doing here?"

"Just sight-seeing." She laughed shakily. "I had time off, and I've always wanted to see New York. And Greenwich Village. And the first person I see is you, just like back in Sarno."

His expression changed with that, and within herself she felt a swift, sharp pain. For this brought it all back with a rush.

The college town of Sarno. The bookstore there. The ex-Army corporal, graduated last year, clerking in it to learn the business. A quiet, rather awkward, diffident young man, Gus Jones, as alone in the world as Jean was.

"I left the Sarno store," Gus started gruffly to explain, "a few weeks after——"

He stopped. No need to finish it. A few weeks after that last evening of theirs. That lovely, miserable, wonderful, awful evening with the moon like an orange in the sky.

They'd talked earnestly but haltingly, as undemonstrative people do: what they wanted out of life and how they hoped to get it, trusting each other with their dreams as they had increasingly risked doing in the several months since they had met.

And then she'd felt his arm along the back of the car seat, and the night became enormous and frightening, for she knew suddenly that Gus Jones was trying to work up courage to propose to her.

She had wondered if he might, and the thought had turned her hot and cold and shivery, for, though she'd have died rather than admit it (she being all of twenty-two), Gus was the first man really to intrude in her shy and sheltered life. So she had composed remarks to cover her shock, conceal her excitement.

It was getting awfully late, wasn't it? Probably he had to get up early for the store. Such nice work, with books. Did he have much time to read? What did he think of the new biography of Caesar?

There was only one message such a man could read in these evasive tactics: He had in effect proposed and been refused. Solid-faced above the hurt, he drove her home.

Her aunt was not equipped to comfort her; she'd messed things up the same way once herself. The lonely ones, the shy ones — what idiots they can be in love! Wanting, and unsure. Begging for their minds to be made up. "And there's usually no second chance, dear. A man can fumble and recover, but a girl can't. Not and keep her self-respect."

"Gus Jones?" said Mr. Ockie, owner of the bookstore, when Jean forced herself to go in three weeks later. "Oh, he's gone. Heard of some business chance—some dealer named Moore—and packed off at once. Didn't say where. Silent sort of young fella."

"You're looking wonderful," Gus told her. "Not quite"—his gaze for him was almost bold—"as you were in Sarno. You seem different."

"I think I am different, Gus."

"You match the city." He shook his head. "Imagine it! You walk down a strange street, you glance into a window—and it's my street and my window. Anyway, half my window."

Jean touched her fine, light hair, waved and tended as it had never been in Sarno. "This is responsible. I looked into your window to see how badly it was mussed. Are you sorry?"

In months which had crawled like lonely turtles on parade, she had learned how to say such things. You just said 'em, that was all. She had grown up a bit, she hoped.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. And Jean Harper's heart began a long climb up; his tone was much as it had been that night.

Words poured from them then, falling over each other, crowding in a rush brand new to both of them. They kept laughing when there seemed nothing much to laugh at, and with every other breath they dwelt on the miracle of their meeting like this in a city so vast that two could live their whole lives in it and never glimpse each other.

"It's almost closing time," Gus said at last. "I don't think my partner, Mr. Moore, would mind if we shut up shop and went somewhere to celebrate over a cocktail. That is, if you . . . if you'd like to?"

"I'd love to," she told him. She touched her blown hair. "But this still needs attention. If you've a mirror."

"In the back," he said, his eyes adding: "Don't be long, please."

She nodded, high color telling him how swift she'd be, and went back to the inner room. She snapped on the light there and took her comb from her new saddle-leather bag, touching the folded letter as she did so. The letter from the big Eastern publishing company to nice little Miss Harper, timid little Miss Harper, librarian at Sarno, Indiana.

"In answer to your recent inquiry: There are three Moores on our dealers' list—one in Duluth, one in Memphis, and one in New York City . . ."

Pushing the letter into a corner of her bag, Jean smiled softly, tenderly. It had been lovely in Memphis, but, though it was only October, she had found it quite cold in Duluth.

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MARRIAGE ON Locatio

By JEROME WEIDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

WHENEVER I see a guidebook I am reminded of a remark I once heard a woman make about dictionaries. "They're all right if you know how to spell," she said bitterly. "But what good is one to me? I spent hours trying to find 'giraffe' under the letter J!"

According to our guidebook, "The Villa d'Este (16th cent.) on Lake Como is a former residence of Caroline of Brunswick, when she was Princess of Wales."

"Who was Caroline of Brunswick?" my wife said.

I didn't know, and the lack of knowledge seemed curiously disconcerting. We had just arrived. Everything was exactly as our friends had told us it would be. In fact it was better. The management had apparently mistaken us for honeymooners. They had given us a corner room on the second floor. Thus we had two views of the lake and the gaudy mountains that surround it. We also had two balconies between which we would have to choose when breakfast was served the next morning. At the moment it was late in the afternoon and my wife was unpacking while I tried to orient her, as well as myself, by reading aloud from the guidebook.

"What was she doing in Italy?" she asked.

"I don't know. The guidebook doesn't say."

"While I finish unpacking, why don't you go down to the desk and see if they've got any literature on her," my wife said. "It'll be time for cocktails soon, and I don't think I'll enjoy mine unless I know a little more about Caroline of Brunswick."

The chances of enlightening my wife from the store of knowledge possessed by the man at the desk were soon demonstrated to be slim.

"Caroline who?" he asked.

"Caroline of Brunswick," I said.

"I will look, signore." The man behind the desk turned to the registry index. "There is a Mrs. Caroline Brewster," he said. "Will she do?"

"No, of course not," I said. "I'm trying to —"

"Since when won't she do?"

I turned to face the person who had asked this. "Carrie!" I said.

I put out my hand, but Carrie Brewster had been living in Hollywood since 1939. Hollywood is a community in which only prize-fighters shake hands. Carrie Brewster threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"Darling!" she said. "What are you doing here?"

"Celebrating my tenth wedding anniversary."

"Good heavens!" she said. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Sixteen years," I said.

"You were always good at dates." Carrie examined me through narrowed eyes, as though she were trying to guess my weight. "You've lost some more hair. But that's about all. How about me?"

"You've had your nose fixed."

A look of concern raced swiftly across her bold, handsome face. "Is it so very noticeable?"

"No, of course not," I said. "I read about it in the papers."

"What else have you read in the papers?"

"Nothing much," I said. "I'm a family man now. I don't have much time for reading the papers. What are you doing here?"

"Nick has been shooting a picture with Gaby Pagini in San Gimignano for the past six weeks. It's one of those costume affairs about the Borgias; she wears very little and he wears tights. They're finishing up around noon. I left early and drove up with the bags. Nick will be getting in around seven. We thought we'd spend a couple of weeks just resting up and loafing before we fly home." She turned and looked out at what the extraordinary sunset was doing to the lake and the mountains. "Isn't this absolute heaven?"

"That's why my wife and I came," I said.

"Why don't we have dinner together?" Caroline said. "We'd love to meet your wife."

"All right," I said.

"The bar at seven?"

"All right," I said.

I went back upstairs, wondering how best to explain to my wife not about Caroline of Brunswick but about Caroline Brewster. It was not going to be easy. Nick Brewster himself had never been able to explain her, not even in the early days of our friendship, when he had still been known to the world as Nat Brinker.

In those days, when neither of us was yet old enough to vote, he was an intense, sullen young man who used to play basketball in a gym to which I sometimes went for a workout. He had curly black hair and a tremendous number of muscles. We never spoke to each other beyond the few words necessary to keep the game under way. Then one night after my shower I found him getting dressed three lockers down from mine.

I nodded and uttered a casual greeting. It was as though some inner trigger of reserve had been tripped. By the time I was tying my necktie he had explained to me why I was missing so many off shots, introduced himself as Nat Brinker, told me he was an actor, and asked what I was doing with the next half hour or so.

"I've got an eighty-thirty class down at Washington Square every night," I said. "I usually get something to eat first."

"How about getting it at Steeger's? I'll have coffee with you," Nat Brinker said. "My girl's meeting me there at eight."

"Okay, but let's get going," I said. "I've got a little less than an hour."

Nat Brinker filled the time by telling me all about his girl. The phrase was his. What he actually told me could hardly have been considered "all about" anybody.

"Wait till you see her," Nat Brinker said as he peered anxiously towards the door. "Just wait till you see her."

But I couldn't wait. I had that class.

"I guess she's been held up somewhere," I said. "I'll be late."

"You coming to the gym tomorrow? I'll make another date with Carrie," Nat Brinker said. "You'll meet her tomorrow."

I didn't. Even though we waited in Steeger's for almost an hour before I had to leave to make my class.

After five or six of these sessions, during which the promised Carrie failed to make her appearance, I had learned a good deal about Nat Brinker. He was an orphan who had grown up in a tough neighborhood on Manhattan's West Side. But this short, muscular boy had come under the influence of the director of a settlement house who had a flair for amateur theatricals.

His unchannelled energies, which had been driving him towards juvenile delinquency, were suddenly poured in a single direction, and he began to live for that strange ambition: theatrical stardom.

Nat Brinker was not very bright. He was almost completely uneducated and it was impossible for him to read more than ten printed pages without suffering actual physical pain. But he had an extraordinary gift for mimicry and he was powered by savage energy. In the theatre these are often enough.

They were enough to carry Nat Brinker from the settlement house to fairly regular employment as a radio actor, and when I met him he had had three or four bit parts on Broadway.

When ambition appears in an essentially simple-minded person, there is almost nothing to baffle the imagination of the observer. Consequently I was not surprised to find Nat Brinker a bore, but what did surprise me was his relationship to the mysterious Carrie.

"Why does she make these dates with you," I asked, "if she has no intention of showing up?"

"No intention? You nuts or something? She'll get here, she'll get here," Nat Brinker said. "It's just she can't always control what happens."

"Why not?"

"She works on the registry desk over at Bellevue, but for Carrie that's only to buy groceries. It's like the way I do radio shows just to keep eating until I hit. What she wants to be, Carrie's big ambition, she's a painter."

"How good a painter is she?"

"How good?" Nat Brinker said. "She's terrific. Wait till you meet her."

About a week later my own girl invited me to a party over in Brooklyn that her parents were giving in honor of her brother. The girl her brother brought was tall and dark, with the sort of bold features that always draw a second glance.

The next night, when I was finishing dinner at Steeger's, Nat Brinker's sullen face brightened.

"Here she is!" he said. "Here comes

To page 56

Nick was making a costume film with the Italian actress Gaby Pagini.

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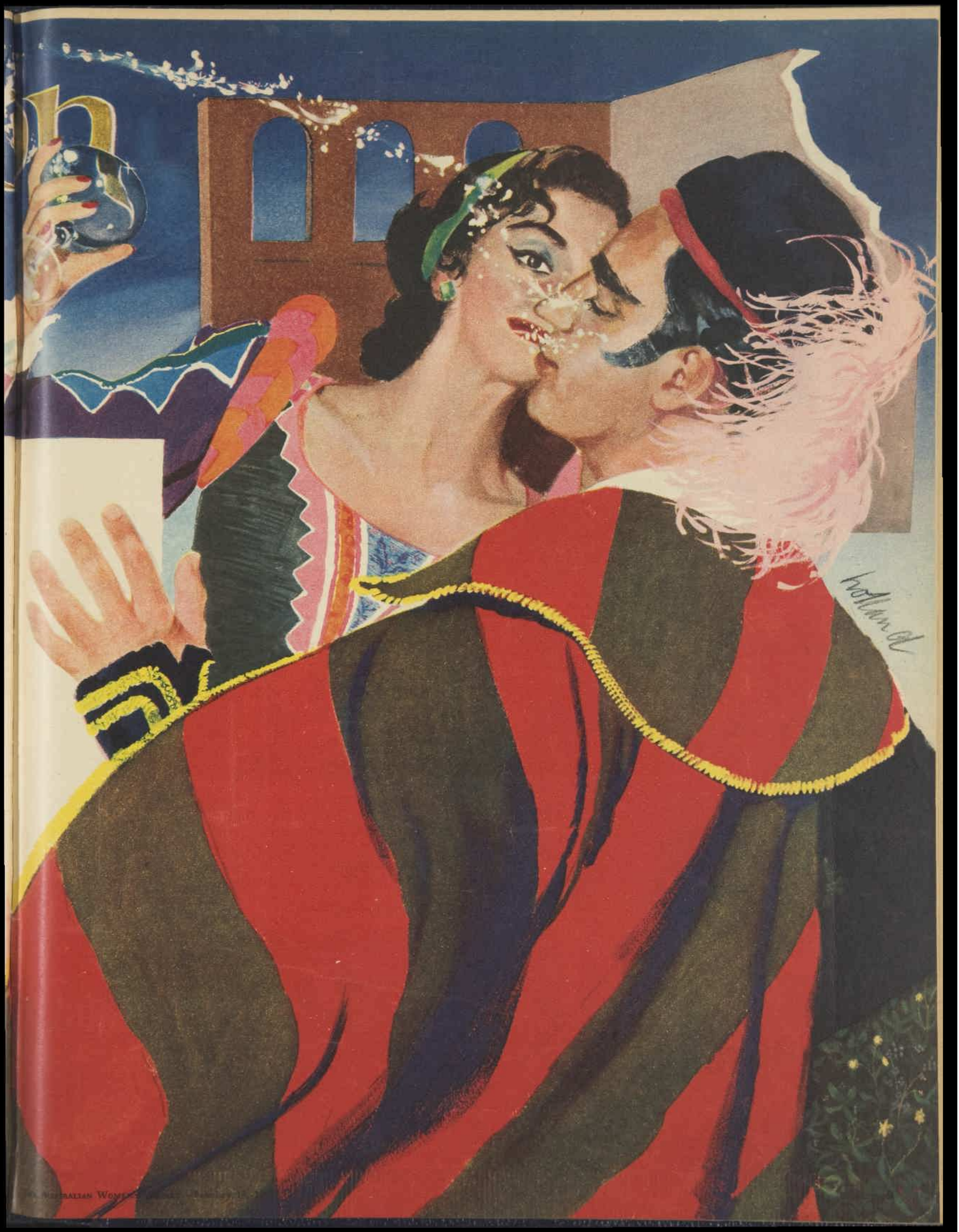

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So good for shoes

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WONDER why so many people remain in the large cities, living in sub-standard housing camps or exorbitantly expensive flats, when so many opportunities await them in smaller country towns and rural districts. Mostly such people are comparatively friendless, while if they lived in smaller country centres they would have the choice of a wide circle of friends and be able to take part in the established social life. Then again, living away from a large city is so much cheaper. I know of places where milk, fruit, and vegetables are obtainable at approximately half the prices charged in the capital cities. I have lived in both city and country for long periods, so am not speaking from hearsay.

£1/1/- to "A Country Mouse," Wengenville, Qld.

WHEN sending sympathy cards it is a good idea for the sender always to add his or her address. After the first grief is over the bereaved one naturally turns to the loving messages of condolence which are so helpful, and then is anxious to return a card or note of appreciation. It is disappointing not to be able to do this, as is sometimes the case when there is a signature but no address.

10/6 to Mrs. E. M. Liddell, 30 Cambridge St., South Grafton, N.S.W.

I CANNOT understand why so many parents neglect the very important factor of their children's speech. I knew of several admirable mothers who put all their time and energy into rearing healthy, beautifully dressed, and well-mannered children, but who will listen complacently to "yeah," "I done," "I seen," and "dunno" without raising an eyebrow. Good speech is the gateway to a good position in the community, and I think it should be a primary consideration in child training.

10/6 to "Speak Well," Nervale, Vic.

I CAN state from practical, firsthand experience that the average workingman's wife is a bighearted heroine, especially if there are two or three children. Each day, from early till late, she toils away, patiently running the home and feeding her flock. Since my wife broke down in health two years ago I've had to leave work and stay home to nurse her and keep things going. Budgeting on a meagre income, shopping, etc., is full of headaches. The number of chores to be carried out is legion. Of all who deserve honoring, the housewife stands pre-eminent.

10/6 to Herbert W. Draeger, 39 Serrell St., East Malvern, Vic.

WHAT astonishes me as the mother of a high-school daughter is the fact that so many schools and colleges still retain the old-fashioned necktie as part of the uniform. It is an unfeminine article of clothing, and difficult for the average girl to tie. Surely a pin-on bow would be more suitable and girlish.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Dahl, 8 Axon St., Subiaco, W.A.

INSTEAD of using their savings to buy articles for a glory-box, girls who are not yet engaged might take advantage of this time to save to buy a good sewing machine. This is something that can be used at any time in the future, whether married or single, and it will never come amiss.

10/6 to Miss Helen Mansell, 75 Summerhill Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

AT my granddaughter's christening I was congratulated on having a fine son. I was very proud. It called to mind the old saying: "A mother trains her son, but a wife makes or breaks him." Yes, I'm proud of my daughter-in-law too.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Harris, 86 Platform St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Visiting a new mother

IN reply to your correspondent "Blossom" (16/1/'57) regarding visits by well-meaning friends the day after the birth of her first child, this could be avoided if all hospitals adopted the practice in use at the maternity wing of our local hospital. For the first four days after the birth only the husband and parents are allowed to visit the mother. This gives husband and wife a chance to have some time together, and to share their joy with their parents. Other relatives and friends can then visit later.

10/6 to "Lady-in-Waiting," Camden, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY problem has been one that must face many young mothers. It was that of getting a toddler to accept a new baby. Because mine had always shown jealousy when I held my neighbor's child, soon after I knew I was pregnant I began to talk about the baby that would be coming. Then, as I began getting the cot and baby items ready, I let my three-year-old help put things in drawers, telling him it will be his baby, too, and that he must help look after it. Now I can hold my neighbor's baby without arousing the jealousy of my small son, for he knows that soon he, too, will have a tiny baby to help with. I believe I now need have no further worry about his reactions when the new baby arrives.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Sauverain, Miriam Vale, Qld.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

"IF you want to be fashionable you can't be sexy." Norman Norell, an American dress designer, made this remark.

When I read it I was surprised.

Does Norell want to put himself out of business? I wondered.

If he is right, women had better make up their minds fast whether they want to be fashionable or sexy.

They can't be both.

Lots of them, no doubt, will choose to be sexy and give fashion away.

At first I found Norell's theory hard to swallow.

I couldn't imagine a world full of chic wallflowers and dowdy glamor-girls.

Then some news came about Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn is generally believed to possess more than her fair share of allure.

Yet a committee in America chose her as one of the worst-dressed women of the year.

Can Norell be right after all?

If so, I foresee situations like this:

SCENE: The living-room of the Mottle family.

Petula Mottle is seated on the sofa turning the pages of "Vogue."

Nobody calls me Dior

She is faultlessly dressed in a custom-tailored ensemble of Black Watch tartan tweed with matching accessories.

Her younger sister, Candy, sprawls in a chair listening to a rock-'n'-roll record.

Candy wears an inexpensive, low-

cut blouse and mauve matador pants.

Handsome Bill Fulladough, an eligible bachelor, looks in.

"Good evening, Petula. You're looking very smart. Ready to go, Candy?"

When Bill has taken Candy off to the pictures Mrs. Mottle enters.

Petula: "Oh, Mummy, I'm so unhappy."

"Why, dear? I thought you were thrilled at being chosen as one of the twelve best-dressed women in Brickville."

"But I don't have any real fun. Boys never take me out. They don't even whistle at me."

"You poor child! I think there is something you ought to be told, Petula."

"What is it, Mummy?"

"Your clothes are far too fashionable. That's why the boys keep away from you. I've been very worried ever since you started dressing so well."

"Oh, Mummy, I'm so glad you told me!"

"Don't be upset, dear. But please go in tomorrow and get yourself some cheap things. You know what I mean—sweaters, shorts, tight-fitting separates."

With her new inelegant wardrobe Petula becomes the idol of the Brickville Younger Set . . .

But the situation strikes me as unsatisfactory.

Sooner or later, I suppose, some Clever Dick will get round it and make a fortune.

All he has to do is invent clothes that are fashionable AND sexy.

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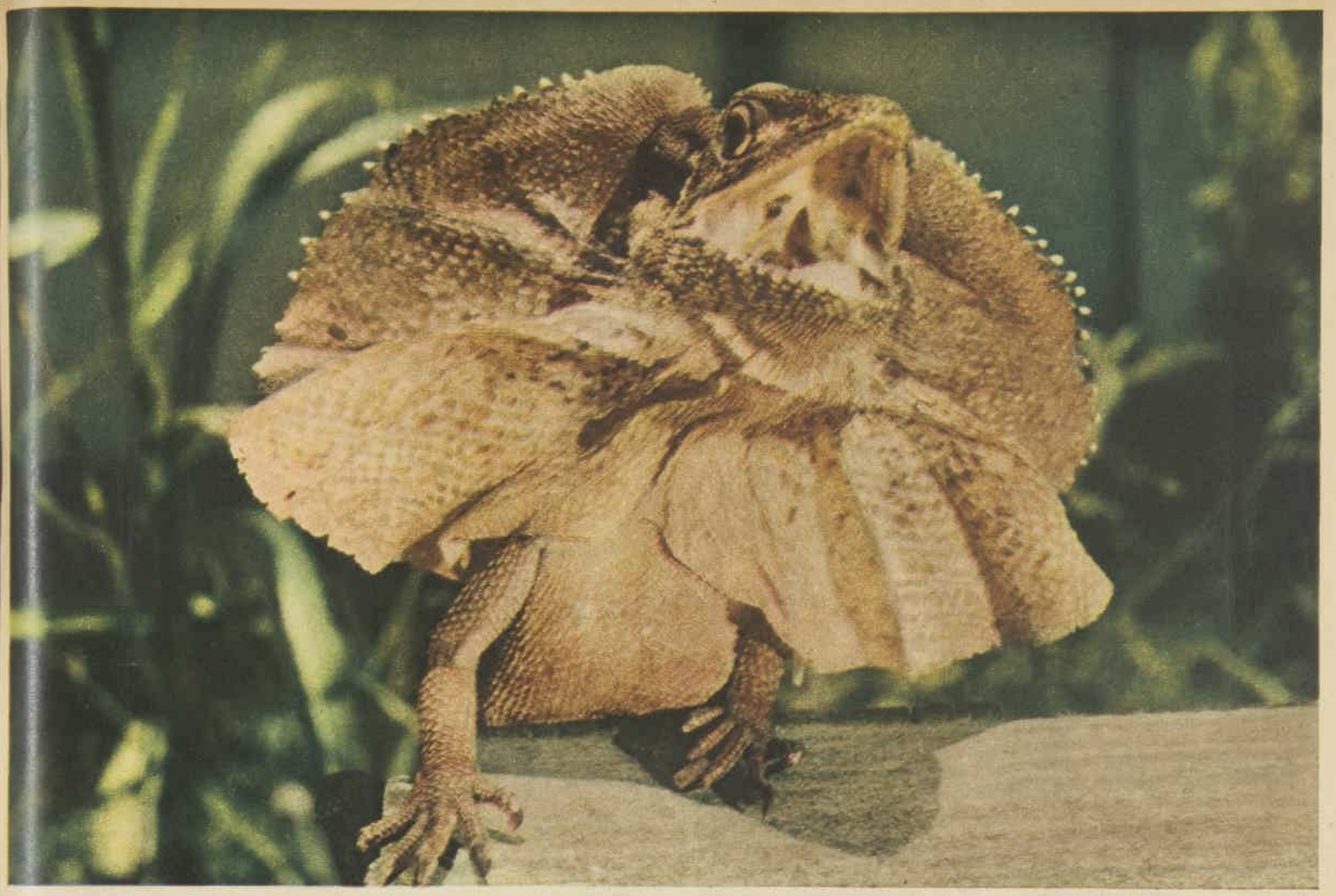


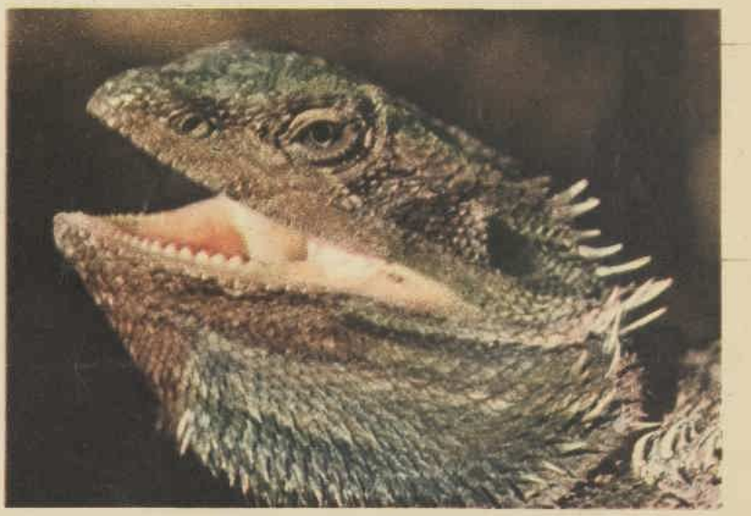
FRILLED LIZARD (Chlamydosaurus kingii). The extraordinary frill round the neck lies in neat symmetrical pleats when the creature is undisturbed. Approached by an enemy the lizard opens its mouth and erects the frill. Found in Queensland, the Northern Territory, and New Guinea.

These are Australians:

Lizards

• More than 200 species of lizards are found in Australia. They range from small legless lizards that superficially resemble snakes to the big goannas, one of which is pictured at left.

Top picture by Mr. R. Gotts, Mackay, Queensland. Others by Dr. Allen Keast.



ABOVE AND BELOW. Bearded Dragon or Jew Lizard (Amphibolurus barbatus). When disturbed it drops its throat and erects the spines round its head, opening its great yellow mouth. It has a wide range over southern Australia.

TREE OR COMMON GOANNA (Varanus varius) is the best-known Australian goanna and the subject of many bush tales. Grows to about seven feet in length. It climbs trees in search of food such as eggs and nesting birds. Close-up of foot shows its powerful equipment for climbing. Also eats other lizards, frogs, fish, and small snakes. Lays about a dozen eggs, usually in hollow logs or holes scratched in the ground.

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No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!

Greasy pans come shining clean with *half* the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

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1086

BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer:

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Teenage problems which fill the "Here's your Answer" mailbag from month to month show a very definite pattern of worry. Apart from the social dilemmas that befall teenagers, the main problem, common to girls from 13 to 19, is a misery about their bosom and its stage of development.

THIS worry is not trivial. It is heightened by the emphasis on the attraction of the bosom in articles, advertisements, and motion pictures.

Despite this published frankness, most girls and many mothers are very shy about talking about their developing figures. For this reason some teenage girls find it easier to write for information than to ask for it.

And many of the mothers to whom daughters can speak are often embarrassed by the query simply because they have not the information.

Excerpts from the hundreds of letters about this subject which arrived during 1956 from teenagers all over Australia are published at left. Other letters, not shown, appeal for advice about brassieres and the suitability or correctness of wearing padding or falsies.

Because of the volume of mail received about this problem, and because the letters in their entirety reveal genuine worry, we publish this special article which deals very fully with the problem.

Here is the article:

"I AM 13, and I am rather self-conscious because my bust is too big. I have gone into bras hoping to reduce the size, but I look just as big as ever."
"Self-conscious," S.A.

★ ★ ★

"I AM 19, very small in the bust, and I wish to be much larger. I would be thankful if you could assist me in developing my bust."
M., Qld.

★ ★ ★

"I AM nearly 13 and cannot understand why my bust has not developed. It started to develop a little bit about nine months ago, but hasn't grown at all since and I am worried."
J.S., Vic.

★ ★ ★

"I AM 16, and have no figure at all. Boys laugh at me when I wear jumpers, as I have no bust. What can I do?"
"Worried," Vic.

★ ★ ★

"MY parents are always saying I am too big. I am 17, and am 34 in the bust. If you think I am too big, please tell me how to reduce."
"Worried," N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

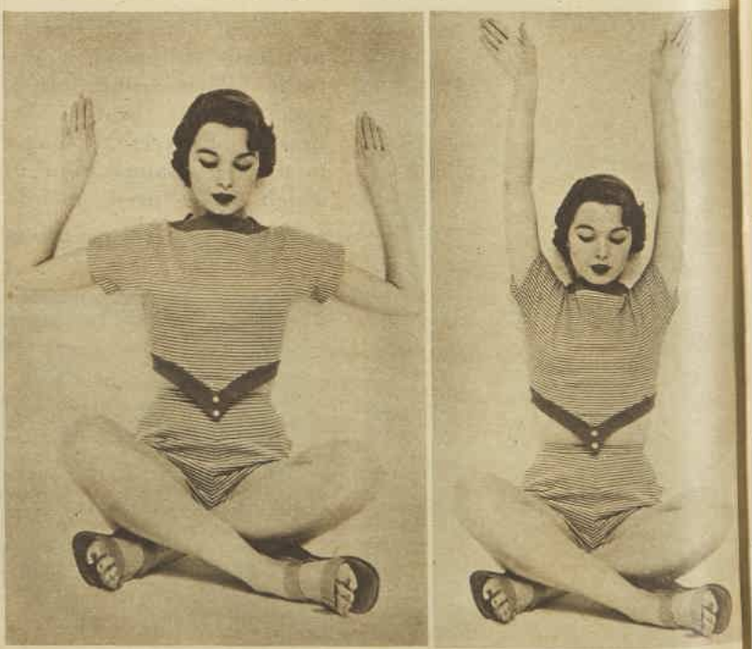
"MY problem is the bust. I am 16, and my bust started to come a bit when I was 13, and now I have not much more than then. How long will it take to grow?"
P.A., W.A.

WHEN you try on a new dress or, for that matter, when you're just stepping into the bath-tub, what part of your figure interests you most? Your bosom, probably, and please be assured nothing could be more natural. All girls are interested in their figures, and the bosom is of special interest because it's one of the classic symbols of femininity.

So being interested in your bosom is natural, but worrying about it is something else again. If you are already fairly well developed, you may be partly pleased and partly self-conscious. You may also wonder why you are already wearing a quite firm bra while your best friend, of the same age, hardly needs one at all. On the other hand, you still may be quite flat and feel way behind the other girls. You may unhappily decide you'll never be attractive at this rate.

Please don't worry. First of all, realise that beauty has many forms. To prove it, think of all the beautiful girls you know, or even merely know of — including your favorite film star. And isn't it so that all of them are attractive? Of course it is.

But there is another fact



EXERCISES FOR A PRETTIER BUSTLINE. Exercise 1—the pagoda way. Sit against the wall like an Oriental statue, bend elbows at right angles. Push hands straight up wall slowly, firmly; then pull down. Keep arms flat to wall to feel pull. This is also good for general posture. Do all exercises shown ten times night and morning.

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FACTS ABOUT YOUR BOSOM

EXERCISE 2, the leaning-tower way. Stand up straight, facing the wall an arm's length away, elbows out, palms flat to the wall. Now push yourself slowly away from the wall. Resist strongly with the palms. Fall slowly back. Resist with your arms.

EXERCISE 3, the literary way. Sit down yogi-style as in the pagoda way, elbows out, as shown. Press book between palms of hands. Turn it towards you, then away from you. Push palms into book hard so you can feel the full pull on the pectoral muscles.

Exercise and posture, not worry, will improve your bustline

about bosoms that is even more important for you to know, and that is this: by no means do all young girls develop physically at the same rate of speed. You may have a definitely developed bosom at twelve, while another girl has almost none — or vice versa. Both of you may worry, and neither of you should, because both of you are normal for your own special rate of physical growth. So don't permit doubts about yourself to distress you.

Perhaps it would reassure you to know some of the scientific facts about breast development. Authorities tell us that adolescent growth for girls may begin as young as ten years old and may continue as long as seven years.

Each girl has her own rate of growth. One girl may start at ten or eleven and develop so rapidly that by twelve she has rounded hips, a full bosom, body hair, and menstruates regularly. Her best friend may have a much slower rate and not begin to round out till thirteen or fourteen or to menstruate till fifteen. Both girls are perfectly normal.

First sign

BREAST development is generally the earliest sign that a girl has started sexual development. It begins about the tenth or eleventh year with a slight elevation of the nipple and swelling of the areola (darker skin around the nipple).

Gradually the amount of fat underlying and immediately surrounding this area increases, and in about three years from the onset of development the "mature breast" stage is reached—in which the breast is fairly full and rounded and the nipple protrudes.

But that brief statement merely represents the approximate age and time for development of most adolescent girls.

Many start earlier or later, or take longer or shorter periods to reach mature development. Your own growth rate, as well as the size you will ultimately reach, is something you can do little about. It's largely hereditary.

Breast tissue consists of glands and fat, surrounded by supporting muscle tissue. A general weight gain would add a small proportion of fat to your breast tissue. It wouldn't be much, however, and an increase of fat all over your body might decrease the apparent size of your breasts. As we mentioned, it's a matter of proportion.

Conversely, losing weight will slightly diminish the size of your breasts. If you are overweight and underdeveloped, however, a general weight loss will improve your overall appearance and, with attention to your posture, may make your bosom look larger in proportion. In addition, there are a few genuine helps to a prettier bosom which we'll describe.

You may have heard about creams, hormone injections, and various devices which supposedly affect the size of bosoms. The lurid nature of these claims shows them to be irresponsible. For example, some preparations are supposed to contain hormones, but they couldn't possibly contain enough hormones to change the contours of your breasts even slightly.

One leading specialist in this field of medicine — called endocrinology—says he resorts to hormone therapy only when a girl has reached sixteen without showing signs of any physical maturing — bone development, menstruation, body hair, or hip and breast rounding.

Except for this rare medical situation, we don't think you should want to do anything drastic about the development of your bosom.

Remember that you won't have reached your full development until you are in your late teens, and even this is variable.

But there are some "bosom secrets" we'd like to share with you in your very natural desire to present a pleasing profile.

One of the most important is posture. Round shoulders, head tucked down turtle-fashion, etc., make the breasts slide down into unbecoming curves. Perfect posture will actually lift your bosom and give it its most beautiful contours. We don't mean a rigid, thrust-chest look. We do mean keeping your head high, shoulders back, stomach in, and buttocks tucked under.

This kind of really superb carriage does wonders for a small bosom by delineating it clearly; an average bosom will look fuller and higher and a full bosom will look youthfully high and proudly proportioned.

A second bosom secret is exercise. You can't exercise the breasts themselves, since they do not contain muscles, only glands and fat. But you can exercise to develop and strengthen the muscles which support the breasts. Curiously enough, the same exercises will improve the appearance of all breasts, whether small, large, or average. (These exercises appear on these two pages.)

And if posture and exercise are half the secret of a lovely bosom, the other half is surely the selection of a well-designed and well-fitting bra. Teen foundations are designed especially for the young figure so that they don't bind, are firm enough to protect muscles and tissues, yet elastic enough to allow easy movement.

If yours is a very youthful figure, you will probably be best fitted with a bandeau. These have small cups and a narrow band, are comfortable, and yet give the support which even small breasts require. Other brassieres have a wide band and cups with more support, often supplied by concentric stitching or fabric or elastic inserts.

Bra know-how

SIZES 32, 34, 36, etc., refer to the measurement around the circumference of the largest part of your chest. The cup size of the breasts themselves is measured AA, A, B, C, or D. Thus a girl who wears a size 36A brassiere will have smaller breasts than a girl who wears a 32C.

Because both chest and cup measurements are important in getting a correctly fitting bra, it is essential that you have a fitter help you in selecting a bra. She measures you and sees to it that your bra supports your breasts in the correct position high on your chest.

If you're quite full-bosomed, a bra with wire support under the cups will likely be best for you. Be sure the straps are wide enough so they don't cut into your shoulders.

If you're very small, bras with some padding built right into them may make your clothes fit and look better.

Summing up, don't forget that nature is pretty clever about things. She manages to fit various body parts together so that they will all be part of a harmonious whole. The girl with long bones and slim hips may never have as large a bosom as the girl with shorter bones and fleshy hips. We believe that both types can be decidedly attractive.

EXERCISE 4, the brush-up way. Sit down against the wall, legs crossed, hairbrush in hand. Brush hair one hundred strokes—fifty up, fifty over. Keep elbows extended, shoulders back, tummy in. This dual-purpose exercise pretties your curves and shines your hair at the same time.

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No more orders for tiaras

THE QUEEN smiles radiantly as, magnificently gowned and jewelled, she drives to the House of Lords to open Parliament. Parisians are eager to meet the Queen at the many brilliant occasions arranged for her formal State Visit to France in April.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (above), whose four months' solo tour ends when he meets the Queen in Portugal privately before beginning with her a formal State Visit. AT LEFT, The Queen Mother, who is preparing for a Royal visit to Rhodesia in July to be installed as the President of the Salisbury University.

Rush at Cartier's follows news of 1957's Royal travelogue

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Royal tours that are causing excitement in every strata of society, as well as trade repercussions, are planned for 1957. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are to make three grand tours — State Visits to Portugal, France, and Denmark — the Duchess of Kent will visit Ghana, in West Africa, and the Queen Mother is scheduled to visit Rhodesia.

IN Paris the famous Rue de la Paix is in a state of quiet frenzy as famous jewellers turn away rich customers who have left the ordering or resetting of tiaras too late for the Royal visit from April 8 to 11.

Parisiennes who do not usually wear tiaras are welcoming the opportunity, and are having the most splendid necklaces which can be mounted as tiaras made at world-famous Cartier's.

When I telephoned Cartier's and asked them what the tiara position was, I was told: "We can take no more orders to be ready in time."

In Ghana the spending spree is on a different level as the ladies of the Gold Coast noisily compete to buy the traditional head scarves and khanagas, and men look for the most magnificent agdabuhs and fez caps to dazzle the elegant Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess is visiting Ghana (the new name by which the Gold Coast will be known from March 6) as the Queen's special representative at the celebrations held at the conferring of independent status within the British Commonwealth.

The people of Ghana, proudly assuming their new name, are preparing a reception for the Duchess of Kent which they say will outdo the colorful and exciting tour made in Nigeria by Queen Elizabeth.

Nigeria and Ghana are great rivals, and the news that the Queen was not to visit them for their independence was at first taken bitterly.

When the Queen announced that at the invitation of the Ministers of the Gold Coast the Duchess of Kent was to visit Ghana as her special representative, Ghana went wild with excitement.

On March 6, Independence Day, the Duchess of Kent will open on behalf of the Queen the first session of Parliament of Ghana.

The Duchess will return to London immediately after Independence Day ceremonies, but the short visit will be one of dazzling color and dress confections if the Ghana shops can fulfil their orders.

Queen's trip

IN Portugal, the people are excited that the Queen will spend two days "incognito" in their country before she starts the official State Visit.

They imagine the Queen heavily veiled speeding from place to place, but when I spoke to a member of the Queen's Household he said, "We don't quite know what the Portuguese mean by incognito.

"The Queen will travel as the Queen of England, but her State Visit will not take place until two days after her arrival, when the Queen and the Duke have had a weekend together on board Britannia."

Adding a few days on to State Visits and making it a brief holiday is becoming the pattern of the Queen's visits to "Show the Crown" in the capitals of Europe.

That is why the Danes are hoping the Queen will accept the invitation of their King Frederick and Queen Ingrid to stay on after the three-day official visit and spend a holiday with them.

The visit to Copenhagen is in May, from the 21st to the 23rd, which is quite the loveliest time of the year.

STILL HOPING that a trip will take them abroad in 1957 are the Royal beauties Princess Margaret, left, and her cousin, Princess Alexandra, right.

History will be made when the Royal Gala Banquet is screened for television. For the first time the television cameras will be allowed through the gates of the Royal Castle.

Transmission is due to begin as King Frederick rises to greet his Royal guests and Queen Elizabeth's reply will also be televised.

Viewers will not only see assembled royalty but also the Royal banqueting table laid with a golden table service.

The Queen and the Duke will travel to Denmark on the Britannia, but they will fly to Paris for their State Visit in April.

They will stay at the official residence of the President of France, M. Coty, the Elysees Palace, behind the Champs-Elysees.

Ready for them is a two-bedroom suite which overlooks the grounds leading to the tree-lined Champs-Elysees on one side and the courtyard of the Palace on the other side.

Queen Elizabeth will sleep in what is known as "The Queen's Room." It has an "E" on the door, not for Elizabeth but for Eugenie, Napoleon III's wife, who stayed there when she came to Paris as Napoleon's betrothed.

The Royal programme in France includes the laying of a wreath at the tomb of France's unknown warrior.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT (right), who will visit Ghana as the Queen's representative, photographed with her son, the Duke of Kent, and her daughter, Princess Alexandra.

After the reception for heads of diplomatic missions, which will be one of the most distinguished gatherings in all Europe, there will be a dinner at the Elysees Palace, followed by a gala night at the Opera.

This is the night when tiaras, diamonds, and decorations will flash, and the most beautiful clothes from Parisian couturiers will be worn.

One of the highlights of the visit will be the Queen's journey down the Seine by floodlit boat, to see magnificent spectacles arranged and floodlit on the banks of the river.

French TV experts are planning to televise the Queen's Seine trip, and also her visit to the Louvre.

Another big occasion arranged is a reception at the Paris Town Hall, followed by a luncheon in the historic Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, where the Peace Treaty was signed in 1919.

Queen Mother's programme

WHILE the Queen and the Duchess of Kent are preparing their wardrobes, the Queen Mother is happily preparing for the most important visit abroad she has made since her daughter ascended the throne.

She is to visit the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in July, when she will be installed as first President of the Commonwealth's newest University College at Salisbury.

It has been officially announced that she will stay about 10 days visiting Southern Rhodesia as well as Northern Rhodesia.

There is a strong rumor in London that Queen Elizabeth will round off a busy year of visits with an autumn visit to the U.S.A. in October.

The reason for the visit is the celebration of 350 years' anniversary of the founding of Virginia, the first British colony in Northern America.

The celebrations at Jamestown, capital of Virginia, begin in April, and it was originally hoped by President Eisenhower that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh would attend the opening, but the Queen's heavy commitments, beginning with her State visit to Portugal, a very busy London season, a visit to Paris, and a visit to Denmark made this quite impossible.

Reports state that discussions of a visit have been taking place ever since Sir Roger Makins, former British Ambassador to Washington, returned to England. They emphasise that the Queen's visit will not entail big political discussions between the United States and Britain which are likely to take place much earlier.

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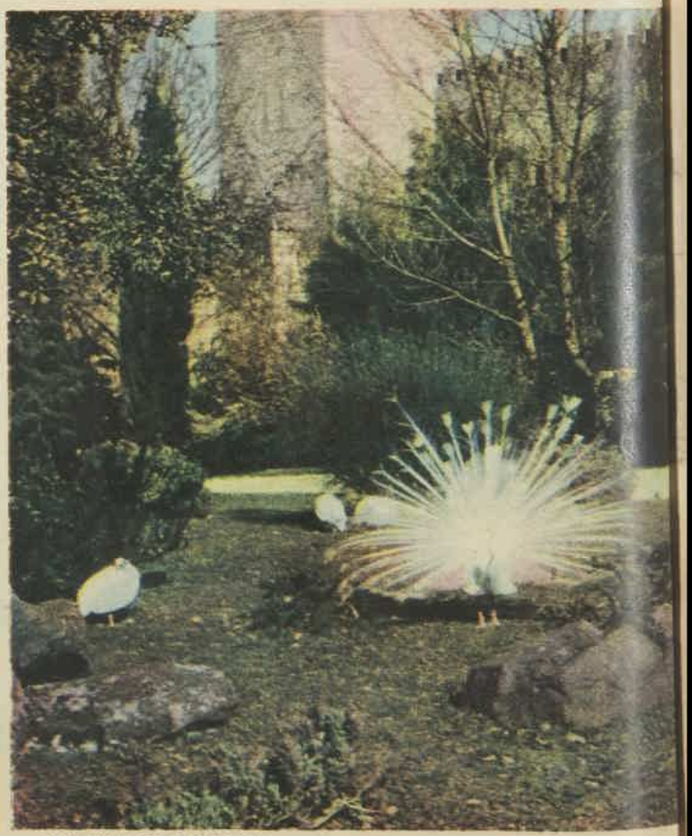
The Royal couple will feel . . .

ENCHANTMENT OF PORTUGAL

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE begin their four-day visit to Portugal on February 18, but before the tour they will have two days' "incognito" holiday together.

WATERFRONT AT ESTORIL. Resort of kings and Royal exiles, Estoril Beach is on the Atlantic coast, about 16 miles from Lisbon. Cafes are set along the wide mosaic pavements, with bright umbrellas shading the tables. At all hours of the day and night visitors can drink their wine and order the local seafoods, a gourmet's delight.

DONKEY CART pulls its load along the road near Vila Franca de Xira, Portugal. The Queen could see a cart like this on February 16 as she travels by car to Setubal, where the Duke will be waiting on board the Royal yacht, Britannia. Two days later they will begin their State Visit.



MAGNIFICENT PEACOCK spreads its tail in the parklands surrounding the historic Castle of St. George, Lisbon. Now in ruins, the Moorish castle dominates the heights of Lisbon, looking over the Tagus River.

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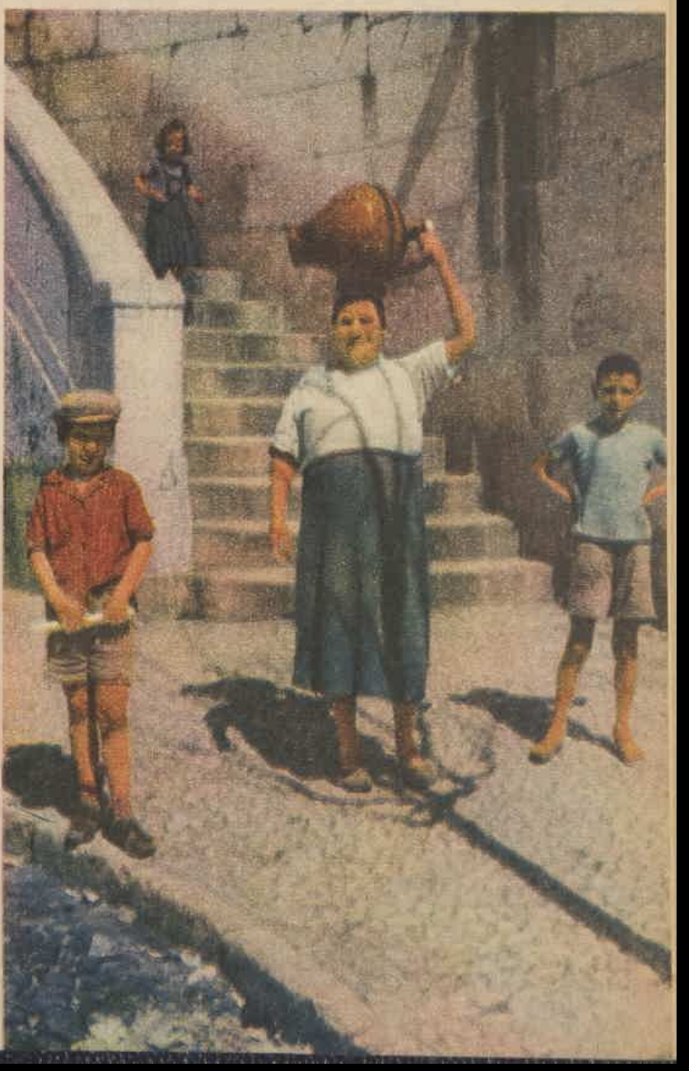
BLACK HORSE SQUARE in Lisbon, capital of Portugal. The Queen and the Duke will disembark at the Quay of Colunas nearby and will drive through the Square during their stay.

The romantic Portuguese are calling the State Visit of the Queen and the Duke their "second honeymoon." The Queen will fly to Montijo Airfield, Portugal, on February 16, and drive to Setubal to meet the Duke on board Britannia. They will spend two days seeing some of Europe's most beautiful scenery before the State Visit begins.

ABOVE: Jeronimos Monastery is a background for sailing boats on the Tagus River. The Queen will visit the monastery on February 19 while the Duke visits the frigate D. Fernando.



RIGHT: Balancing a heavy pitcher on her head, a Portuguese woman returns home along a cobbled Lisbon street. Pictures of Portugal are by Mrs. D. Ashdown, of Artarmon, N.S.W.

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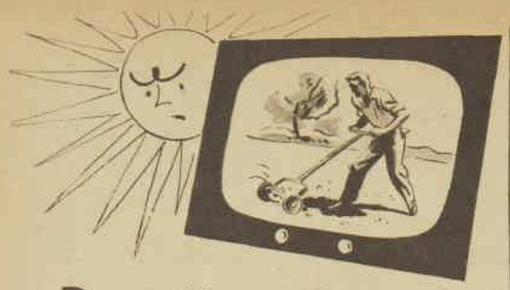

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Milo contains full cream milk, malted cereals, health minerals and vitamins A, B and D. In fact, it's a complete tonic food. If you've a tin of Milo in the house, make yourself some Iced Milo now. You'll enjoy every delicious chocolate-flavoured sip.

HERE'S HOW YOU MAKE IT!

Just put two teaspoons of Milo in a glass and add a little hot milk or water. Stir until dissolved, then fill with cold milk. For the delicious finishing touch, pop in an ice cube or a scoop of ice cream.

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The Perfect "Hot Weather" Tonic

NM 57

BUTCH

"I don't know if they'll take the toll out of his salary. Quit being such a worry-wart, Butch."

MOTHER

"Mum says if we REALLY don't like playing with Alexander we can say we feel sick and go home."

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

THE other day I met a spinster who keeps a rather quaint list in the back of her address book.

Whenever she feels discontented about being single she reads the list. It contains the names of all the men she's glad she isn't married to.

She says it never fails to brighten her.

"I have to keep the list secret," she said when questioned further about it. "Naturally, the husbands of many of my friends figure in it.

"My friends would probably be annoyed if they found out that their husbands were mentioned—and perhaps even more annoyed if they weren't."

* * *

IF you're looking for something else to cheer you up this week, here's a thought —be thankful you're not employed as a cook by the Duchess of Windsor.

According to one of her former employees the Duchess makes critical notes on the menu at dinner—writing comments such as "Too hot," "Too cold," or "Tough."

When she's entertaining at a formal dinner-party she does the same thing — writing the comments in a gold-covered notebook.

Never before have I held any strong opinion for or against the Duchess. Whenever that old Abdication argument was revived, I was happy to take either side, according to mood.

But this note-taking at mealtimes weighs the balance against her for ever as far as I'm concerned. It's so pernickety and ostentatious as to be unbearable.

Imagine how nerve-racking it must be for the adjacent guests when the Duchess turns an absent eye on their light conversation and jabs critically at her notebook.

There's only one possible excuse. Does she leave the notes for the cook to read? Is she afraid to speak to him?

* * *

THE winning design for Sydney's Opera House is undoubtedly imaginative. It's unlike any building ever built.

Many people who praise it have remarked how appropriate its roof—which looks like a cluster of sails—is to the harbor background.

A slightly soured note was struck by a gentleman on the bus reading these comments in his morning paper. "Sails are for sailing," he said. "An opera house is for singing."

However, the real controversy will start when it is built, for even with the help of drawings it is hard for the lay eye to visualise a finished building in its setting.

* * *

A MILLINER must find it depressing to survey the crowds of girls pouring into the city to work these days. Hats grow fewer and fewer.

The trade isn't being helped by some of its designers, judging by pictures from the recent London spring shows.

Those organdie creations that look like 19th century boudoir caps are quite, quite horrifying.

DIFFERENCES of viewpoint between Australians and Europeans are encountered on matters ranging from culture to cooking.

The broader disagreements can often be resolved by discussion. The little wrangles are more troublesome.

The other day a European husband was complaining of his wife's habit of putting dead matches back in the box.

"It prevents bushfires," she said.

"Bushfires?" he asked, bewildered, gazing out the window over the packed roofs of one of the most heavily built-up areas in the southern hemisphere.

"As a habit it's important," she insisted. "You never know when we might go for a picnic in the bush."

The argument interested me, because I had always believed that the practice of mixing dead and live matches was exclusively male.

In fact, had I been a detective a box of mixed matches in a room would have spelt "man" to me in the way that lipstick on a cigarette butt indicates a woman.

Furthermore, I believed that the habit stemmed from fear of tidy wives or mothers.

But the bushfire theory is just as likely.

* * *

WHEN Harold Stringer, of Canterbury, England, found a bright green-and-brown insect in a tin of Australian peaches he complained to the health department. Now the insect is in London's Natural History Museum. It proved to be a rare type of cricket.

Remember that diner at Crewe,
Who found the large mouse in his stew?
Who'd ever have thought
That a modern report
Could be equally strange—but true?

A man gets annoyed, that's a cert,
And composes complaints that are curt:
"Dear Sir," he begins,
"Kindly look to your tins,
"This insect has spoiled my dessert."

Then he thinks, "Their confusion and shame
"I'll increase. I shall find out its name."
But the experts, agog,
Cry, "Oh joy, what a wog!
"Here's occasion for praise, and not blame."

And they look at him, dazed, and say, "What?
"You're complaining of hygiene. Oh, rot.
"It's a marvellous find,
"The first of its kind,
"That's a lovely new species you've got."

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USE Grippers ON THE CLOTHES YOU MAKE

REPLACE BUTTONS WITH Grippers ON THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR

Wonderful laundry proof hard-holding "Grippers" end button bother forever and make all children's wear more practical and convenient. Look for "Gripper" Fasteners on the clothes you buy. Replace buttons on the clothes you wear and for home sewing buy a "Gripper" Card.

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AUSTRALIA LEADS AMERICA ENGLAND

. . . the WORLD

in the war against disease-carrying flies

Mortein Plus, the most powerful household insect spray in the world—and the safest to use—has been scientifically developed in Australia by Australians.

The capital invested in the preparation and marketing of Mortein Plus is *Australian* capital. Mortein Plus is wholly Australian made.

Here, then, are some facts of which Australians may well be proud:

In no country on earth, *regardless of population*, do the sales of any similar insect spray equal the sales of Mortein Plus in Australia.

In Australia, Mortein Plus outsells all other insect sprays *combined* by 4 to 1.

To-day, Mortein Plus protects 4 out of every 5 Australian homes against flies and other insect pests. In no other country of the world is any individual insect spray trusted to anywhere near this extent.

Despite fluctuating costs of materials and production, the manufacturers of Mortein Plus have never at any time "watered down" their product. They have always maintained the high quality for which Mortein Plus is famous. This they have been able to do without any increase in price for many years because more and more Australian housewives insist on buying only Mortein Plus.

Every ingredient of Mortein Plus is an insect-killing ingredient and Mortein Plus contains 180% more pyrethrins (which are rare and costly) than the high AA grade American flysprays.

Mortein Plus is acknowledged by leading authorities overseas to be the most effective household insect spray.

The plain fact is that Mortein kills flies and all insect pests with more speed and certainty than any other spray known.

It is for this reason that Mortein is respected, trusted and used throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth.

Australians recognise Mortein as the really *good* spray. They also recognise the wise, old national principle—"When you're on a good thing, *stick* to it!"

Mortein is made by SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LIMITED

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Fashion bubbles in the Paris air

Hems hover in misty chiffon, but waists stay in place

One impression remains from the multiplicity of lines created by Paris, London, and Dublin designers in their spring collections: The womanly look is here to stay.

THE dropped-hem still remains to be battled to the floor.

Dior has some dresses that tip the ankles and others that only just hide the knees. There's liberty to choose what suits you or what is the most appropriate length for the occasion and the dress.

In the main, whatever the designers' individual approach, the general effect is a gentle moulding of the natural body contours.

Clothes are full of ballooning movement, colors are muted, fabrics diaphanous and graceful.

Here are some key features of the collections:

- **Airy-fairy chiffons and pure silks.**
- **A revival of lingerie blouses.**
- **Lavish touches of white.**
- **Sheath dresses—but with mermaid tails, panels, and ballooning diaphanous "Duster coats."**

Fabrics

THE materials Paris uses are so light that the slightest breath of air ripples them. A playful breeze seems to play hide-and-seek, ballooning up skirts over the hipline, and rounding out the backs of jackets and coats like bubbles.

Everything that could be done with chiffon has been done.

Paradoxically, many of the chiffons are not chiffon at all. The fabric is "widow's crepe," but it has to be examined closely to be detected.

Dior rescued crepe georgette from oblivion and uses it with silk chiffon and satin organza, which are as near tailored as sheer material can be.

London designers' fabrics have a cobweb consistency, while Sybil Connolly has again achieved miracles with her Irish linens, lawns, and laces.

The line

GENERALLY, the waist is in its normal place, although often just indicated by the shadow of a curve, particularly in suits.

Shoulders are wide but rounded, and skirts are either reed-slim, wide over the hips like jodhpurs, or freely balloon-shaped.

Dior has given his blessing to the general theme of mobile, fluent lines. Straight lines are out. The silhouette floats and dips in graceful, looping curves like sky-writing.

Although Dior's line is mostly the slender silhouette with an unemphasised waist, he hasn't scorned ballooning skirts. Some of them are practically airborne.

His suits have collarless cardigan jackets fastened with one button at the waist and ultra-narrow skirts. Slits at the hem, showing an underskirt of the same fabric, give walking room.

Amusing and attractive for the slender are Jacques Heim's "Dust Cover" dresses, inspired by the cotton bags slipped over statues to keep them clean.

Unbelted and slim, the dresses are made in sheer silks, and they balloon slightly at the back from a tailored shoulder-yoke.

Castillo's "Dusters" are either tunic coats without fastenings or just an enveloping scarf tucked in around the top of a strapless dress, and hanging to the hem all round.

Patou, too, features chiffon used like a veil over a slender tubular underslip.

Manguin again uses his "Swan Line" with the billowing skirt fullness swept to the back. His lingerie shirtwaist blouses, tucked and pleated in sheer silks, blouse gently at the back over high corselet belts.

"Sails in the Wind" is how Desses describes his line. But his skirts billow at the front as well as the back. Sometimes the sail is limp or swells only slightly. But his evening coats are in full sail, balloon spinnakers and all.

Sashes are important to control this fullness. Sometimes, with entrancing — but ultra — effect, the sash is pulled into a narrow band around the knees, making the dress look like a Chinese lantern.

Balmain, following the general trend, plays up the sari to get the "airy" look.

Castillo of Lanvin has a whole series featuring Japanese sashes, straight coats hanging to the floor, and belted coats like those worn by judo wrestlers. But it is all done with a very light touch, with no suggestion of fancy dress.

Hats

MANY of Castillo's hats are chiffon turbans worn on the back of the head and draped to resemble geisha hairstyles. Into some of them he thrust long, pearl-headed pins, to add to the Japanese illusion.

Dior has hat brims that swing back like immense sou'-westers or slip sideways with an off-centre effect.

Colors

AT Dior: For day, navy and white, honey, champagne, and mink tones; for formal wear: black, tangerine, flame; for evening: white and a rain-washed sky-blue. His prints are generally in subtle colors, with a preference for Prince of Wales checks.

Elsewhere, the basic colors are mostly mushroom, oyster, and blue-mink. But these are cut across by dramatic splurges of brilliantly tropical blues, greens, pinks, and yellows.

In London

IN London the hemlines are longer—in some instances by inches. Skirts are either hobble-tight or flamboyantly full.

Here again with the Top Twelve designers is movement. There are floating panels, swirling drapes, flyaway collars, feathered hats, and chandelier heels that flicker and tinkle.

Hartnell has not only dropped his hem for day wear, but makes a special feature of the dipped hemline for evening, adding an inch or two at the back.

In Dublin, Sybil Connolly achieves her traditionally feminine effect by draping yards of Irish linen, tweed, or worsted against the body, with an accent on fullness at the front.

Shoes

DIOR'S shoes have heels more slender than ever, with the base no bigger than a spot of confetti. He also has low-heeled Directoire models. High or low, all shoes tend towards extremely long, narrow fronts, Italian-style. They are made in all sorts of materials, including satin, patterned cotton, and pearl-embroidered silk.

One of the "amusing" features was a jester's shoe for the beach with a long, curved-over point and a heel made of four balls the size of mothballs.

BILLOWING EVENING DRESS in white tulle shows the Paris and London designers' trend towards cobweb fabrics and ballooning lines for spring. The dress, modelled by Australian Gwen Fletcher at a Top Twelve parade in London, has a huge cape.

WEDDING DRESS by Irish designer Sybil Connolly is in white linen and crochet slotted with blue ribbon. The frothy, feminine skirt and fine materials are Connolly hallmarks.

DETAILS FROM THE PARIS COLLECTIONS. At left: Manguin's Swan Line, supple and backswept; above: deep, wide ribbon belt fastened with a huge hatmaker bow; right: his backless waistcoat transforms a dress into a suit.

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GRACE CALLS HER "BABY"

MADGE TIVEY, Australian secretary to Princess Grace, deals with some of the letters that are being received at the Monaco Palace at the rate of 700 to 1000 a day. Later Prince Rainier ordered the palace staff to stop answering the letters because they could not cope with them.

IN THE ROYAL NURSERY, Swiss nurse Margaret Stahl, dressed in a white uniform, shows some of Princess Caroline's toys. Centrepiece of the toys is a big golden teddy bear.

Royal parents plan an English "nanny" for their daughter...

● Princess Grace of Monaco has very definite views on the upbringing of her daughter, Princess Caroline, and the most important is: She will do it herself.

From ANNE MATHESON, in Monaco, with exclusive radiogram pictures by Howell Conant

THROUGH her Australian secretary, Miss Madge Tivey, I asked the Princess a number of questions and here is her reply:

"My baby is being given the care recommended by doctors and nurses. To this, Prince Rainier and I have agreed.

"There is no special protocol involved in bringing up our child. The normal hygienic precautions are being taken.

"Our baby's daily programme is set by the doctors. As she grows older, we will guide her programme.

"The Prince is taking a keen interest in Princess Caroline's upbringing and he will continue to do so. I intend to give my daughter a great deal of personal supervision."

Princess Grace sometimes gives her baby's name the French pronunciation of Caroline, sometimes the English, but usually she just calls her "Baby."

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace have spent many hours deciding Princess Caroline's upbringing.

On thing is certain: the princess will later have an English "nanny."

"I had an English nanny," said Prince Rainier.

The royal parents correspond with Nurse Helen Lightbody, one of Prince Charles' two nannies who recently retired from the Royal service.

It was the pictures and stories of Prince Charles' first day at school that touched off the discussion on their daughter's future.

Mr. Rupert Allen, their close friend and Press liaison officer, told me that the Prince had a table set up in Princess Grace's room and they talked while she had dinner on a tray. "They are very happy together, and every little detail of Princess Caroline's upbringing is being thrashed out now so that there will be no misunderstandings," he said.

"When Princess Grace read the stories of Prince Charles' first day at school, like every mother her thoughts flew to the day her own child would be out in the world on her own.

"She was very tender and almost apprehensive for the little Prince," he said.

In their discussions, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace have decided that, protocol or not, they will not have their daughter called "Madame."

They have decided to follow the custom at Buckingham Palace of not addressing Prince Charles and Princess Anne by their Royal titles—merely as Charles and Anne.

"Madame" at 18

SO Princess Caroline is to be addressed as Caroline until she is old enough to understand what being a princess means. She will be referred to, of course, as Her Serene Highness, Princess Caroline, but not until she comes of age at 18 will she be addressed as "Madame."

Princess Caroline's mail has now reached 700 to 1000 letters a day.

"Prince Rainier and Princess Grace have decided that it is impossible to answer any more letters," a palace official said.

Princess Grace has been surprised and very touched at the flood of good wishes and gifts from Australia. She has admired particularly the beautiful knitting in some of the baby garments.

At present, Princess Caroline has six feedings a day, three hours apart. She is washed after her feeding at 9 a.m. and usually sleeps soundly from 9.30 or 10 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock next morning. The method of care of the baby is more Continental than American, since her doctor is French and her nurse a Swiss.

She is swaddled in the European manner, but the wrapping is loose and may be replaced, to leave her legs free to kick. So far she has not been given a proper bath, but has been washed. Soon she will be moved to a new nursery.

The people who see the baby are pediatrician Dr. Gandelon, nurse Miss Margaret Stahl, a nursery maid, and members of the Prince's staff, who care for the private apartments in the palace.

Prince Rainier's father, Prince Pierre, his sister Princess Antoinette and her children, and Princess Grace's mother, Mrs. John B. Kelly, often visit the child. Prince Rainier sees his daughter several times a day.

Princess Caroline often cries to indicate that she is hungry. She lost some weight in the first four days after her birth, which is normal, but since then she has gained steadily.

Princess Grace is nursing her baby and is eating protein-rich food, with a glass of beer (which she thoroughly enjoys) at each meal. Calcium is included in her diet.

There has been rejoicing at the palace over the arrival of a telegram from President Eisenhower. It says: "Congratulations and best wishes of the people of the United States of America on the occasion of the birth of Princess Caroline."

Her baby book

SIGNED Dwight D. Eisenhower, the telegram has been pasted in Caroline's baby book.

So far, Princess Caroline has no jewels. Her baby clothes are white, pink, and blue, and she has a very pale green matinee jacket her mother knitted for her.

There was much gaiety when Princess Grace tried to dress her baby in the jacket. It was almost too small and, as the baby has put on weight, the jacket has been discarded.

Caroline has several medallions and crosses, but her bibs and her linen do not yet bear any insignia, which probably will be a capital C reversed and entwined with another C.

Princess Caroline's hair has become a little lighter in color, but her eyes remain the same dark blue.

Through her secretary, Princess Grace told me she thinks her baby looks like Prince Rainier, especially in the upper part of the face.

When Prince Rainier's old nurse, "Nana," saw the baby, she said: "She's the image of Prince Rainier at the same age."

For her presentation to the people of Monaco on March 2 in the courtyard of the palace, Princess Caroline will wear the magnificent dress worn by Prince Rainier at his baptism. As Princess Caroline grows older, she will speak French and English from the start, just as Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier did.

As she grows up, she may not always have to ask permission from the principality to come and go as had been decided, and it is possible that some of the other formal government protocol decided on will be waived.

Her future education is already being discussed, but the final decision on this will be made by Prince Rainier and Princess Grace together.

The first flower to be named after Princess Caroline is a pink carnation grown in Italy. Meanwhile, a new rose, named "Princess Grace," is already in full bloom and sheaves of the flowers arrive daily at the palace for the Princess.

The outsize pearl ring the Princess wears all the time is her husband's gift to her on the birth of their daughter. He also gave her diamond earrings.

Mrs. Kelly will remain in Monaco for the christening of her granddaughter and will stand proxy for godmother Margaret Davies, Princess Grace's 12-year-old niece.

PRINCE RAINIER is photographed as he takes his first photograph of Princess Grace with their daughter, Princess Caroline. All three pictures on this page are by Princess Grace's official photographer, Howell Conant.

NEXT WEEK: Exclusive color photographs of Princess Grace and her baby

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At school Charles is just 'a new boy'

● In an attractive little red-brick square, just around the corner from the busy shopping thoroughfare of Knightsbridge, the future King of England is making Royal history.

AT the age of eight Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, now just plain Charles to his mates, is one of 100 day pupils at a preparatory school called Hill House.

He is the first heir to the British throne ever to take his place in a form room alongside other boys under the age of ten.

He is also the first to have the chance to drink the regulation pint of free milk issued by the Board of Health to every English schoolchild, eat a 2/6 two-course lunch in a basement dining-room, or rub elbows with a fellow pupil sharing his far from luxurious light oak, steel-framed desk.

Hill House School is a small private establishment started five years ago by ex-artillery Colonel H. S. Townend and his attractive young wife.

Most of Charles' fellow pupils are sons of business and professional men—barristers, doctors, dentists, schoolmasters, and journalists.

The only pupil with any claim to fame at present is a grandson of Lady Dorothy and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, and he is not encouraged to feel he is special.

Seven-story Hill House is run on the most democratic lines possible.

All inspiration for its curriculum and school spirit comes from its 48-year-old headmaster, who is as fond of athletics as the Prince's father.

A former international half-miler, once president of the Oxford University Athletic Club, an Oxford "Blue," an Empire Games athlete, and an expert soccer and hockey player, ski-er, and mountaineer, Colonel Townend ensures that the boys get at least 2½ hours' sport (outside, if the English weather permits) every day.

"It is not a soft school," he said in a well-modulated but emphatic voice, "but it is a happy school."

Colonel Townend believes that every boy should participate in all school activities.

Everyone gets a turn to ring the school bells, captain the games teams, lead the school "crocodile" when it marches to the sports field two miles away.

"The whole idea is aimed at stopping any boy feeling that he is best or worst at anything," explained Colonel Townend.

One basic rule which may have helped the Queen to decide that Hill House was a school for her son is that no caning is allowed. The headmaster doesn't believe in it, neither does he believe in small boys being taught boxing, except with a punching-bag.

By
BETTY BEST,
of our London staff

"I do not think we need that sort of toughness," said Colonel Townend.

"As an amateur sport, boxing is nearly dead. There is no real skill in it. Anyhow, these boys are too young."

The pupils range from 5½ to nine years in age.

The curriculum includes elementary French, Latin, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and scripture for the Middle School, where Prince Charles is now in Sixth Form.

When he progresses to the Upper School, which should not take long, he also will receive instruction in elementary science, botany, and anatomy.

The science course is brought up to date, so that the boys learn the fundamental principles of radio and television.

One of Charles' first lessons on his first day at school was a favorite subject—painting.

For years he has been sketching and painting with Princess Anne, often retouching her younger efforts if he felt they were not up to scratch.

Given a free hand to choose his own subject, Charles soon got to work with water colors and produced a scene of a ship passing under London's Tower Bridge.

The ship was brilliant green, the bridge black, the river deep blue, all of which the young artist highlighted with his favorite color—bright red.

He was not allowed to take his painting home to show his mother. It stayed on the classroom rack with those of his classmates.

If the Queen wants to find out how Charles is progressing she will have to wait, like all the other parents, till the end of the term, when she and the Duke will receive a school report.

"We do not discuss any boy's scholastic attainments except between ourselves and with his parents present," said Colonel Townend. So no one will ever get an unofficial comment on the young Prince's progress.

The Queen's greatest wish is that there should be no comment of any kind at all.

Duke's wish

IT must have been just as hard for her to see her son take off for his first day at school as it is for any mother. Perhaps it was harder, for it will cut down on the already strictly limited time she has to spend with him.

When she finally decided to bow to the Duke's wishes that Charles have an ordinary school upbringing instead of the more traditional tutor, she refused to publish the name and whereabouts of the chosen school.

Yet when the shining black car brought Charles (accompanied by governess Katherine Peebles and a detective from the palace squad) to the Hill House front door, a group of 48 reporters and Press photographers filled the narrow entrance to Hans Place.

That evening Buckingham Palace authorities repeated the official statement to all those curious enough to ring for information. It read: "The Queen trusts that His Royal Highness will be able to enjoy his school in the same way as other children, without the embarrassment of constant publicity."

When on Prince Charles' second day at school photographers followed boys to the playing-field and took pictures throughout a Soccer game, the Queen took more definite steps.

NEW PUPIL Prince Charles, with his governess, Miss Peebles, is farewelled by the headmaster, Colonel Townend, after his first day at school. This picture was taken before the Queen asked newspapers to call off their photographers and reporters.

Orders were given that the headmaster should ring the Palace next morning, and report if there was a crowd outside the school. There was.

Immediately, the Queen's secretary, Commander Richard Colville, rang the editors of all papers and news agencies with the Royal request: "Please withdraw your photographers, and let Prince Charles have the chance of going normally to school!"

His car did not leave Buckingham Palace till the crowd dispersed, so Prince Charles was thirty-five minutes late for his lessons. He was not punished this time as it was not deemed his fault. But this will be the last time he will be excused for breaking any rule.

Punishment for the heir to the Throne will be the same as for any Hill House boy.

Because Colonel Townend believes the boys' greatest joy is sport, he disciplines them by forbidding them football or cricket for varying periods according to the crime.

Prince Charles is always one of the first out on the football field.

Like any other eight-year-old he takes his game pretty seriously.

After one brisk difference of opinion with a team-mate as to which way the ball should be handled, Charles decided to fight it out.

He tackled the other boy with arms and fists flying.

The headmaster, who was refereeing the game, chose not to interfere, and let the two featherweights settle their point of honor.

After a minute of grunting and tussling, Charles' slightly superior weight began to tell, and with one hefty shove he swung the decision, and his opponent went to the ground.

Meanwhile the game had continued, and the boys forgot their battle and ran to join in again.

Later, another player hurt his elbow, and everybody stopped.

Charles was the first to roll up the boy's sleeve and inspect the damage.

"Padded cell"

HE was on the spot again when another boy hurt his foot.

Charles showed great concern until his mate had been made comfortable.

Colonel Townend takes great care to avoid all accidents, saying, "A boy is his parent's most precious possesion.

"At this age he is not old enough to look after himself.

"It's up to us to do it."

To this end the school has automatic door devices to save hurrying boys trapping their fingers, pictures and blackboards screwed to walls so they can't fall, and the chairs, desks, and piano have rounded edges.

This doesn't mean the boys are encouraged to be sissies.

When young energy builds up to bursting point the boys are given a chance to let off steam in the school's "madhouse."

This downstairs games room has padded walls to prevent injuries when a real rough-house starts.

The headmaster leads them off in a game of four-a-side volleyball, during which they are allowed to make as much row as they like.

"Yes, the noise is terrific," Colonel Townend admitted.

"But the youngsters have to exercise their lungs as well as their limbs.

"In a padded cell they get the chance to do both."

All 10 teachers other than the headmaster are women, for Colonel Townend believes boys up to nine years old respond better to women, and feel more at home.

For another year Prince Charles' life will be guarded and guided by this wise, progressive thinker.

Then the Prince may go to a preparatory school, and finally to one of the well-known public schools.

Meanwhile, his parents, who have had the courage to break all previous tradition, and his future subjects, who applaud their act, must feel this is the greatest opportunity a British monarch ever had to grow up with a complete understanding of his people.

As the Hill House school motto, taken from Plutarch, says: "A child's mind is not a vessel to be filled but a fire to be kindled."

PRINCE CHARLES and Princess Anne at a recent hunt meet. "Big brother" to Anne, Charles is now just "a new boy" at his day school in London.

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Candy Hardy says:

The girls wear plain and...

When the trousers are classic, variation can be made with jackets and shirts. The girl (above) follows this idea and wears a flower-printed jacket—on her head a snug-fitting helmet-hat.

For the girl who is chic, slim, and tall, above-ankle - length narrow-legged slacks are perfect. The ones at right are made in beige tweed and worn with a matching pullover and gold accessories.

Two moderns (left) wear boy-tailored long and short trousers showing a bright interplay of color. The relaxed over - blouse is front - buttoned, the shirt-blouse neatly belted.

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Fancy Pants

No question about it, here the girls wear the pants, and with just that right mixture of smartness and fun. Soaring to a new height of fashion, the current crop can be slim, svelte, and classic — or downright fancy. Often the fabric sets the pace.

Half-mast trousers look wonderful on the girl with good legs. Above, the trousers are worn with a matching jacket-shirt. The material is narrowly striped cotton. Note the new look of the below-elbow sleeve.

It takes a dashing girl to carry off the delicious fancy pants (above) made in printed cotton. The classic top is black cotton. The poodle's bow is sky-blue satin ribbon.

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Where do you ache today?

Do your arms and shoulders torture you? Do your knees and ankles feel stiff and sore? Do your neck and back rack you with pain?
Is every movement a stabbing torment, keeping you aching and miserable day and night? Then here's new hope—

New Hope for every man or woman who suffers the crippling pain of rheumatic disorders.

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Read these personally written testimonies

Now Back at Work

". . . I feel it is my duty to inform you of my recovery of arthritis after using Lantigen 'C'. I might state I was under continual treatment but could not get relief. Thanks to Lantigen 'C' I am now back at work." — M.J.B., Orange, N.S.W.

Now Free From Joint Pains

". . . I have written to you before asking for information re Lantigen as I am a constant user of your product having taken LANTIGEN 'C' for arthritic pains in my joints and am glad to say that now I am very free from same." — *S.T.J., Lismore, N.S.W.*

CRIED WITH PAIN

"I was bad with rheumatics in my hands, shoulders and legs. My feet were swollen three times their normal size. I had to shuffle round almost crying with terrible pain. I have nearly finished my second bottle of Lantigen 'C' and can only say there is no swelling and not a pain or ache anywhere." *D.B., Beaudesert, Qld.*

FEELS FINE NOW

". . . It is with thankfulness that I let you know what Lantigen 'C' has done for me. Four years ago I was so bad I could not get out. A chemist told me of Lantigen 'C' and since taking it I have been well." L.P., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

(ORIGINAL LETTERS ON OUR FILES)

Stops Pain and Suffering after years of Torture!

Yes, the evidence shows that Lantigen "C" oral vaccine has given relief from pain to thousands of people who had suffered rheumatic pains for years.

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Not only so, but users write to say that they remain pain-free often for years.

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Prepared by Skilled Bacteriologists. Lantigen "C" is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical supervision for the sole purpose of combating the germs that have affected you and neutralising their poisons by stimulating the natural antibodies or antidotes in the system. *No other treatment but a vaccine works in this way and no other vaccine is so convenient to take as Lantigen "C"—just a few drops in water as directed.*

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'Dog Talk' No. 11

WHAT is the dog saying? For original and descriptive answers to this question readers can win prizemoney totalling £100.

Prizemoney is made up of one award of £50, three of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

To be eligible for a prize, write a caption of not more than 15 words to describe what you think the dog in the picture would be saying if only he could talk.

If you have not entered the contest before, results of "Dog Talk" No. 8, given below, will show you what to do.

Read the contest rules carefully, make sure that you have clearly written your name and address, including State, and attach the entry coupon.

"Dog Talk" Contest No. 11 will close on February 18 and results will be announced in our issue dated March 6.

If you don't win a prize this week try again next week, when there will be another dog picture and another £100 prizemoney to be won.

"Dog Talk" No. 11

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly
"Dog Talk"
Contest No. 11.
February 13, 1957

"Very well, Henry, drink it —they are not MY ulcers."

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 11 will close on FEBRUARY 18. Winners will be announced in our MARCH 6 issue.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

No. 8 RESULTS

FIRST prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 8 was won by Mrs. B. Bromly, 1 Reiby Rd., Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Mrs. Bromly's entry was: "Very well, Henry, drink it —they are not MY ulcers."

£10 prizes:

Miss S. Alexander, 26 Laver St., Kew, Vic.
"Fifty if she's a day!"

Miss E. Marsden, 237 Sandgate Rd., Albion, Brisbane.
"Kelly? One of the Philadelphia Kellys, I presume."

Mrs. D. C. Murray, c/o G.P.O., Brisbane.
"But, my dear, he's a Blue Heeler, a working dog!"

£5 prizes:

E. Byrne, 20 Glenroy Ave., Middle Cove, Sydney.
"It's formal. We're wearing collars."

Mrs. M. M. Fisher, 149 Skene St., Warrnambool, Vic.
"John, if your name is 'Sugar Pie' you're wanted on the phone."

Miss A. E. Brook, 67 Carlton Pde., Torrensville, S.A.
"In trade, I presume!"

£1 prizes:

Miss P. Laycock, 6 Dean St., Toowong, Qld.
"Isn't Madam a trifle LARGE for an S.S.W.?"

Mrs. L. Neligan, 3 Robert St., Belmore, N.S.W.
"What a lovely make-up, dear, it hides every wrinkle!"

Mrs. R. J. Collins, Box 66, P.O., Yeppoon, Qld.
"Spelt 'Phydeaux,' not 'Fido,' please."

Mrs. F. Clarke, 10 Karnang St., Woomera, S.A.
"These days even the BEST people have to pick bones."

Miss F. Taff, 29 Thorne St., East Geelong, Vic.
"Crepe Suzette is NOT one of our waitresses, sir."

ON WEDNESDAYS

Beginning with this issue
The Australian Women's Weekly
is on sale
EVERY WEDNESDAY

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Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for week-ends and holidays and perfect for keeping hair shining-clean.

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For delicious, non-fattening recipes, buy The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cookbook, on sale at all newsagents, price 1/6. It contains a complete calorie chart.

Worth Reporting

AN Australian girl who was married by proxy returned to Sydney recently after 15 years in South Africa.

She is tanned and attractive Roma Blair, one of the five top models in South Africa.

Roma will stay with her mother and brother at Peakhurst, N.S.W., for a few months before going back to Johannesburg.

A teenage model in Sydney just before the war, Roma married a Dutchman when she was 17, in the Dutch East Indies.

They had not been married long when the Japanese overran the islands, and they were placed in concentration camps.

"My son was born in the camp," said Roma. "The following day I was forced to work in the ricefields. We worked from 7 a.m. to midday, then had a break of half an hour. Then we worked again till 7 p.m."

Roma, who has been home three times in the past 15 years, says South Africa is a paradise for women.

"They're pampered compared with Australian women," she said.

"I have a girl who comes every day, and a boy who comes a couple of times a week, and I never have to do anything.

"No washing, ironing, cooking, or even washing-up. That's why it's fun to do shopping and housework when I'm visiting Mum.

"I employ only two servants, because I have only a small flat.

"Many women with larger homes have several indoor servants as well as about three garden boys.

"Wages are so low that everyone can afford servants.

"My girl gets £7/10/- a month. £5 of that is her wage, and the rest is for fares."

"And it don't seem a day too long . . ."

MRS. J. L. PROBST, of Muswellbrook, N.S.W., wrote to us this week, after having read an article by Audrey Budd in our January 16 issue, about Mr. and Mrs. Bill Arnold, who recently celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Probst wrote: "While congratulating them (Mr. and Mrs. Arnold) on their long life together, I would like to point out that my own grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hogan, of Broadmeadow, a suburb of Newcastle, N.S.W., celebrated their 75th wedding anniversary on October 4, 1956.

"My grandfather is 100 and grandmother 92.

"They had a large family—15, I think—and have more than 100 descendants. Neither of them is bedridden—on the contrary, both are active for their years.

"For several years they have been receiving congratulatory telegrams from the Queen, the Prime Minister, and other leading personalities.

"We are all very proud of this grand old couple, already on the way to 76 years of marriage."

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hogan.

* * *

VANITY or good sense? An American woman called a taxi company to arrange three trips to the dentist. She wanted the same driver each time. Her reason? Her false teeth were being repaired at the dentist's, and she wanted to limit the number of people seeing her without them. The taxi company obliged.

"Of course I like you, Charles—it's just that I don't want anything to do with you."

Politics, poetry, and pets

A POLITICIAN'S wife with an extremely wide range of interests is Lady Teynham, wife of a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords.

Lady Teynham helps her husband with his political activities, writes poetry (which has been published in England, America, and Canada), works for the Blue Cross Animal Aid Society, runs two homes and a garden, and looks after her 15-month-old daughter.

Lord and Lady Teynham are visiting Australia as guests of the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria.

Lord Teynham, chairman of the Automobile Association of Great Britain, is studying traffic problems in Australia.

Tall, dark-haired Lady Teynham also owns two dogs, a cat, and is thinking of buying a donkey for her daughter, the Hon. Henrietta Roper-Curzon, when she's old enough to ride.

AUSTRALIAN lecturer and commentator Bruce Miller, on the programme "Our Way of Life" over the B.B.C. recently, said:

"Every newcomer to Britain should be provided with a dog. I can stand in any market place with my dog, and people will almost form a queue to talk to the dog and to me—about the dog. It's all nonsense about the reticent British. Once they find an excuse they will talk to their heart's content."

Literary prize award this year

THE first prize of £500 in the Miles Franklin Literary Award will be made to an Australian or overseas author this year.

Under the will of the late Miss Stella Maria Sarah Miles Franklin, who wrote under the name of Miles Franklin, a fund was established from which prizes were to be awarded to authors "for the advancement, improvement, and betterment of Australian literature."

Miss Franklin provided that the prize "shall be awarded for the published novel of the year which is of the highest literary merit, and which must present Australian life in any of its phases and, if there be no novel worthy of the prize in the opinion of the judges, then such award may be given . . . to the author of a play for either stage, radio, or television . . . but not for farce or musical comedy."

All information about the award may be obtained from the Manager, Permanent Trustee Company of New South Wales, Box 4270, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing LADY BEHAVE

HOW TO REFER TO THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE

● Pertinent advice on this tricky subject is offered this week by brilliant London columnists Anne Edwards and Drusilla Beyfus, authors of the sparkling new book on modern social behaviour, "Lady Behave."

ABSURD as it may seem, there is a strong class-conscious etiquette on referring to the man in your life. It is considered just as incorrect to speak of your husband as "Mr. Brown" on some occasions as it is to refer to him as "Bill" on others.

The fact is that, according to the old etiquette, to call him "Mr. Brown" emphasised that he was higher up the social scale than the person to whom you were speaking.

In most households women use "Mr. Brown" only when speaking to the Mrs. Mopps. However, the growing matiness of the new staff situation makes knowing when to use the form an increasingly delicate decision.

Then there is the problem of how a girl refers to the young man whom she will marry one day. The widespread conversational use of the term "fiance" went out with two-year formal engagements, and in many ways it is to be regretted, if only because it indicated to people where you two stood.

The loss of the conventional handle leaves a girl in a fix when she wants to introduce him or to refer to him. What is needed is a term to convey that he is not a boy-friend but THE boy-friend.

But to most people most of the time a girl is much more likely to introduce him as Peter, and leave you to guess that this is the Peter you have been hearing about for months.

When she talks about him to friends she may call him "the boy-friend," or simply "the man I am going to marry."

The Doctor

KNOWING whether to call your medicine man "doctor" or just plain "Mr. So-and-So" depends on knowing which of the two main branches of doctoring he practises. A glance at his surgery nameplate as you go in will give you his formal qualifications.

If he has an M.D. or an F.R.C.P. after his name he is a physician and should be called Doctor, and envelopes to him are addressed: Dr. B. Brown, or B. Brown, Esq., M.D. (or F.R.C.P.).

If he is an F.R.C.S. he is a surgeon and is called Mister, and envelopes to him are addressed B. Brown, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Few doctors these days hold it against a patient for saying Mr. when it should be Dr., but it is only courteous to acknowledge the difference in form of address since it indicates a distinct difference in qualifications.

(This applies in many countries outside Australia, particularly in Britain. In Australia medical men generally are referred to as Doctor except within the profession itself, where surgeons are always Mister and physicians Doctor.)

The Rector

WITHIN his parish the Rector (or whichever denominational term is applicable) is referred to and spoken to either as Mr. Brown or simply by his title. "Have another currant bun, Rector."

People from outside the parish who know him slightly or are meeting him for the first time generally use "Mr."

On letters he is called the Rev. William Brown.

The Headmaster

HEADMASTERS are referred to as "The Headmaster," spoken to as Mr. Smith, and written to as F. P. B. Smith, Esq., Headmaster. The same formula for Headmistresses.

The custom of putting M.A. or B.A. or LL.D., etc., after the name is now usually reserved for school prospectuses or very formal letters or announcements.

NEXT WEEK: How's Your Accent?

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WEDDING IN HISTORIC CAMDEN CHURCH

Ion Macarthur Onslow, great-great-great-grandson of James Macarthur, the founder of the Australian wool industry, and his attractive English bride, Jenifer Crooks, were wed in the historic Church of St. John, Camden.

Ion is the eldest son of Major-General Denzil Macarthur Onslow, of Campbelltown, and Mrs. Elinor Macarthur Onslow, of Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. James Crooks, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. E. Montlake, both of London.

After the wedding, the 100 guests drove five miles to "Camden Park," home of Major-General Sir Reginald and Lady Stanham, where the reception was held.

LEAVING St. John's, Camden, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Ion Macarthur Onslow, followed by bridesmaid Pamela Macarthur Onslow and flower-girl Ann Stanham, groomsman John Sweeney (left), and best man Frank Langley. Mrs. James Russell (not shown in picture) was matron of honor. The foundations of the church were laid in 1840 on land donated by William Macarthur, son of James Macarthur.

THE BRIDE ARRIVES. Jenifer Crooks pauses before she enters St. John's to marry Ion Macarthur Onslow. Sir Arthur Stephenson (at left) gave the bride away. The church grounds were crowded with spectators from the surrounding districts waiting to see the bridal couple.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Ion Macarthur Onslow cut their wedding cake watched by seven-year-old Ann Stanham, whose father, Quentin Stanham, ushered at the church with Neil Macarthur Onslow, Peter King, David Lloyd Jones, and Pat Saunders.

TRIO OF GUESTS (from left). Phoebe Macarthur Onslow with Bunty Parker, who chose a fitted suit of Delft-blue linen and added white accessories and a white platter hat, talking to Richard Treweeke. Phoebe wore a jade-green silk sheath with a pink-and-white printed bolero which tied in a loose bow, and pinned pink-and-white blossom in her hair. The reception was held on the lawns and verandahs.

RIGHT: Major-General Sir Reginald Stanham (left) talking to Mr. and Mrs. John Bate at the reception held at "Camden Park," the home of Sir Reginald and his wife. Mrs. Bate chose a pretty dress of smoky-blue organza for the wedding. The house and the church were decorated with bowls of flowers and greenery arranged by Lady Stanham, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, and Mrs. Michael King, who helped to receive the wedding guests in the absence of the bride's parents.

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

TODD IN LONDON

The indomitable showman

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● Whirling around Europe, spreading chaos and bewilderment in his wake, is the new legend of Hollywood, the diminutive dynamo Mike Todd. Hollywood calls him "Todd almighty." Liz Taylor shows publicly how much she loves him. And he has just finished making one of the most fabulous motion pictures to be produced anywhere in the world since the war.

THAT film, "Around the World in 80 Days," boasts a cast list of 40 topline stars reading like a show-business Almanach de Gotha.

The trouble is that Mike has made his film so big that it literally will not fit into any European movie theatre.

This does not dismay tycoon Todd. He is now whizzing round the world on a mission to buy up overseas movie houses and enlarge them to the mammoth size of his film, which requires a screen 65ft. wide to show it.

He aims to buy up a chain of more than 100 theatres in Europe and America and rebuild their screens for this picture. To achieve this he has been scorching through London, Paris, Brussels, Munich, Milan, and Rome, all in less than a week.

Says he, "It's a hard way to make an easy living."

But he reckons on making 40,000,000 dollars out of "Around the World in 80 Days." He has staked his own personal fortune on it.

This does not worry him. Mike Todd claims to have lost track of the millions he has made and lost again.

Ever since he can remember he has talked on two telephones at once, hopped on and off planes, clinched million-dollar deals over hasty champagne-and-caviare snacks. The "Todd almighty" legend was born of a hundred incidents which are now part of Hollywood's cinematic folklore.

Who but Todd, they ask, could succeed in getting the Yugoslav Army for a film, and then drop that idea to negotiate for the Russian Army instead?

SALESMAN extraordinary, American showman Mike Todd goes to town about the qualities of his new film "Around the World in 80 Days." Critics have praised the film.

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU," shouts Todd, cupping his ear, as the London Press questions him about Elizabeth Taylor, who is threatening to relinquish her Hollywood career.

Varied career

NOTHING is impossible to the man who can get Noel Coward and Sir John Gielgud to play "bit" parts in his latest film.

Todd is the man who arranged for the King of Thailand to write a song for a Broadway show. When he wanted to take the late Sir Alexander Korda, the Oliviers, Eddie Fisher, and a host of other big-name friends out to dinner he hired a London bus.

Says he of his latest film, with characteristic modesty: "It makes other pictures look like a magic lantern.

"Anyway, it's not a picture. I don't make movies. It's a show on film. It will run for two years in my theatres."

Though "Around the World" was heralded with a fanfare which prepared the suspicious for a riot of cinematic vulgarity, it has opened to astonished plaudits in New York. Those who most complain at Todd for his tycoon tactics marvel at his talents.

When he blazed into the Oliver Messel suite at London's Dorchester, his base for a buying foray among the West End's theatres, Todd cupped his ear to questioners and feigned deafness when they asked him about Elizabeth Taylor.

"I can't hear you!" he shouted, grinning, "there's a helluva noise!"

Talk of "Around the World in 80 Days" miraculously restored his hearing. He speaks at the top of his voice with a slang all his own. He will startle a new business acquaintance by addressing him as "sweetheart." He has been known to say, "If you are going to marry an actress you've got to make a career of her hair. I would never do that."

And about Liz Taylor, in a rarely unguarded moment, he snorted: "She's going to have to make a career of me or else. I never in my life saw a happy actress in the home.

"The only place I plan to star Miss Taylor is in the kitchen."

Beneath his protective bluster Todd is shrewd and wilful. His real name is Goldenborgen, and his father was a Milwaukee rabbi. Todd had done a dozen jobs before he crashed show business at 24 years of age.

His first theatre production was a flame act in Chicago in 1933. A girl wearing gossamer wings danced around a lighted candle until her clothes caught fire, and she ran off the stage, apparently nude.

He came via vaudeville to Broadway musicals, and at one time had four simultaneous hits running in New York.

The late Damon Runyon, the great chronicler of Broadway folklore, dubbed the 50-year-old Todd "the greatest natural gambler I have ever known."

But when Todd was forced into bankruptcy he broke with the bookmakers, repaid all his creditors to the last penny, and today does not bet, at least not in the formal sense. Instead he gambles in business millions.

LOVELY Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd look happy and contented as they prepare to leave Idlewild Airport in New York for Miami. The couple were married at Acapulco on Saturday and will honeymoon in Mexico.

Triple bet

WHILE still battling with his creditors he succeeded in raising nearly half a million dollars for a new show, which happily turned out to be a success.

He said: "I staked everything I had to make 'Around the World.' It was really a triple accumulator bet. I put all I had into Cinerama (the 3-D process which is still running in many converted movie houses as a 'show,' not as a film). I took out my winnings and invested them in Todd-AO (his new ultra-widescreen process). Then I sold the lot again and bet it all on 'Around the World.'

"Every egg I possessed went into that basket. Thank goodness it came off. But I still can't bring myself to talk about it. I get a creepy feeling in my stomach."

Hollywood's newest fireball has banned the sale of popcorn from all theatres showing his film. "It just isn't a popcorn show," he says.

One of the most characteristic stories in the Todd legend is this: Having obtained the co-operation of the American Optical Company to develop Todd-AO, he was asked to suggest a name for the process.

"How about the Todd Process?" he said.

American Optical pointed out that this gave them precious little credit.

"Okay," Todd said, "call it Todd-AO."

Yet one of the scientists working with him confessed he enjoyed working with Todd.

"He asks the impossible, of course," the scientist admitted thoughtfully. "But he's never unreasonable about it."

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DIANA AND DENNIS (that quarrel was no stunt) PATCH UP T

● Following her story Hollywood after tha has just announced differences with her

KEEPING IN SHAPE IN HOLLYWOOD. Diana Dors, England's screen bombshell with the heavily insured measurements, protects and improves her silhouette by cycling with George Gobel, a top-flight American television comedian now breaking into movies. George co-stars with Diana in her first American film. It is entitled "I Married a Woman," and has a broad comedy storyline.

THE platinum pearl of British movies made this announcement on the day that Rod Steiger landed here from America and regaled journalists in his Dorchester suite with his plans to star in a British film at Pinewood.

Diana had starred with Steiger for R.K.O. in Hollywood in "The Lady and the Prowler," and gossip linking their names romantically was one of the things that helped trigger off the row between Diana and her business-manager-husband, Dennis. That and money. Dennis came storming home in a dudgeon.

In a couple of weeks Diana also retreated from Hollywood to England — a stone lighter in weight, disillusioned with the Hollywood life, bordering on a nervous breakdown, and masking bitter tears behind jewel-studded dark glasses.

Her husband was not there to meet her. Diana, tragic in black, was minus her wedding ring.

Said she then: "All that stuff you heard about in Hollywood, the practical jokes, the mink bikinis, the swimming-pools, the fun and games — that was more Dennis than me."

Diana without Dennis was going to be a different girl.

"I've been growing up. My outlook has widened and broadened. I've done a lot of thinking lately."

As for that fabulous Hollywood-style home built over a swimming-pool on the banks of the Thames, she gave a toss of her fluorescent hair and snapped, "I can manage to live without a swimming-pool. Dennis is welcome to it. My whole outlook has changed.

LEFT. American actor Rod Steiger, "the other man" in Diana's life whether he likes it or not, is also her co-star in "The Lady and the Prowler," her second Hollywood film.

ABOVE. Dennis Hamilton, her real-life husband, and Diana dance together at a nightclub soon after their arrival in Hollywood. They are now trying to patch up their marriage.

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EIR MARRIAGE

y return to England from a gendary row, Diana Dors l she has patched up her r usband, Dennis Hamilton.

Fan-Fare

y hectic and exciting Dennis and I've made But the money has happiness. I do not live just for money. mason **Dennis and I** e he **was inclined to a business than as a**

d to quit Hollywood e to England becafise e wanted me to stay e was more money

er lips trembled, and her crack: "But he is

STRUTTON, London staff

ness manager. Nobody he is going to handle unless he is too Shirley Ann Field's

a reference to a ly starlet in whose husband seemed to ation.

she added: "But I there was no 'other man' to blame for our cannot blame it on is something that has ppen for a long time. about Rod Steiger are ard."

However, since these r outbursts, the ply Diana, essentially warm, sincere, and ular creature, was per- ed to abandon her ghold in a London l and return to the rital Maidenhead e to "talk it over."

Friends who visited and Dennis found rked change in the estic set-up. Miss was prone and list- The conversation reluctant. Music ed through the house, ioning a terrible t. And there was the nge spectacle of Mr. milton, a go-getter as r was, mourning aloud t the days when they n't have a bean.

said he, "We were py then."

The fact is that from e penniless days Den- Hamilton, with a com- ation of business acu- , boldness, and an im- e flair for getting spaper space, had eeded in building up p-priced movie prop- This property was rl who, until Holly- d beckoned, had only star-quality role to to with any pride— lead in a grim prison called "Yield to the e."

That role gave Diana a chance to show her acting talent, a chance that may never have come without the ballyhoo.

At the same time the good-looking, slightly overweight Hamilton built up a thriving business in real estate and catering.

In spite of his glib charm, Dennis has not the same easy faculty for endearing himself to others as he has for making money. Film folk are reluctant to acknowledge the part he has played in building Britain's Dors into a world film figure.

When it looked as though they were about to divide their fortunes, Diana said bravely, "That won't present any difficulties. I've enough money. And so has Dennis — if I know Dennis."

That was all very well. Their fortunes are pretty closely tangled. And as her business manager the ebullient Dennis has a strong stake in the Dors career.

When the phone rang in their gleaming lounge, it was Dennis who answered for Diana, cheerfully minimising their troubles, dealing with pressmen, offers of a play, discussions on her next film, while Diana mooched about, hands in the pockets of her pink trousers, saying nothing.

Their split-up was one of the few things in their fish-bowl life that was not a stunt.

Now one of the factors in the bust-up has come ambling into London — Mr. Rod Steiger, dressed like the British idea of a senior delinquent. He needed a haircut, was wearing a pink shirt, fancy-patterned suit, sideburns, and a pork-pie hat with such a tiny brim that he also reminded the onlooker of an officer in the Women's Voluntary Services.

Pasty-faced and amiable, Rod is here to play the role of an American executive in a J. Arthur Rank thriller called "Across the Bridge." It is based on a Graham Greene story about a crooked financier in New York who thinks he has just five days in which to scoot off to Mexico. Discovering that the American police and Scotland Yard are after him, he assumes another man's identity and passport, only to find that he is impersonating a murderer.

Only friends

GUESS what Mr. Steiger said, among other things? "Miss Dors and I are very good friends. We worked well together on that picture. All this gossip is arrant nonsense. There was nothing more to it than that."

What had been carefully hidden from pressmen—presumably to shield her from their prying—was the fact that in the background, unknown to almost everybody, Mrs. Steiger had arrived with her husband.

Steiger's film will be made at Rank's Pinewood studios and on location in Spain.

Diana Dors is also contracted to Rank to make one film a year under a dream contract which her husband once negotiated with brilliant effrontery over a lunch.

This contract obliges the Rank organisation to pay her big money without the option and whether it can find the right films for her or not. Yet it has no plans at all to star Diana Dors in the foreseeable future. Thanks to that contract, she will merely pick up some fat cheques.

In the meantime, Diana is planning to star in "The Long Haul," to be made in Britain but not at the same studio. It's a lorry-driving story—bang in the middle of petrol rationing.

When she learned that Rod Steiger had landed in England, Diana put her hands in the pockets of her glamorous jeans and said, "Well, what do you know?" Which, come to think of it, might have meant anything.

When she was shown a picture of Steiger's arrival and journalists remarked how like Dennis he looked, she pressed her candy-pink lips together, said sweetly, "Isn't he just?"

And then: "Isn't he over here to make a film or something? But I really wouldn't know."

As for Steiger, he said guardedly that he had no definite plans to visit the Hamiltons. "I don't interfere between a man and his wife," he remarked. "That's like getting between two men fighting in the street. They both turn round and beat you up."

It would not be that sort of intervention according to the latest weather report from the Dors-Hamilton menage down on the Thames, which is—fine again.

Said Diana, "We are very happy. And more in love than ever. We are going to fly to Spain for a month before I start work again."

By way of celebrating their reconciliation, Diana Dors and Dennis Hamilton are also looking for "a nice 200-acre farm close to London—somewhere that's a home!"

For the exteriors of his British film Steiger will also be flying to locations in Spain. But it's a big country. And I doubt if Diana will be visiting him there.

There is a ring of finality about Diana's thoughts on Hollywood. Said Dors, "Though I have more films to make in Hollywood, I would never live there . . . repeat . . . never."

THE NEW DIANA DORS. Hollywood trimmed about 14lb. from the Dors figure, thus enabling her to return home in better shape than ever.

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FATHER'S DAY on a Hollywood set when actor Jose Ferrer receives a visit from Leticia, his 16-year-old daughter by a previous marriage, and his son Miguel, who is 2. The boy's mother is singer Rosemary Clooney.

EVER WONDERED what those Hollywood parties are really like? This picture, taken at the home of wealthy Darryl Zanuck, suggests a thoroughly ordinary evening.

Talking of Films

★★ *The Killing*

A SMALL-SCALE suspense melodrama, "The Killing" (United Artists), which arrived on the scene with a minimum of advance publicity, packs a surprising punch.

Pitched for mounting tension, the story tells in a matter-of-fact way of a well-organised attempt to rob an American racetrack of two million dollars, and of all the steps leading up to the crime.

The pace is fast throughout, and the treatment economical. The occasional use of documentary-style commentary is, like the black-and-white photography of Lucien Ballard, quite effective.

There are six main characters in the hold-up itself, all of them nicely varied to give the story solid substance.

Sterling Hayden, who seems to be finding his feet as an actor these days, is the tough ex-convict who masterminds the whole scheme and gathers the rest of the gang together.

They are a crooked cop (Ted DeCorsia), a reformed drunk (Jay C. Flippen), and Joe Sawyer's racetrack bartender.

There is also Elisha Cook, a nervous little cashier at the racetrack who is hopelessly under the spell of Marie Windsor, his greedy, unfaithful wife.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

It is through Marie's ability to wheedle the master plan out of her husband and reveal it to her boy-friend (Vince Edwards), a cheap crook who tries to muscle in on the deal, that, in the end, nobody gets anything out of the robbery.

Although he is not around for very long, Tim Carey gives a frightening performance as Nikki, the hired gunman.

The use of copious flashbacks is a little on the awkward side.

In Sydney—Palace.

ROSEMARY HARRIS, who plays the feminine lead opposite Peter Finch in the film version of the best-selling Australian story, "The Shiralee," has a cute way of coping with visitors to her West End flat.

"Just a moment," she says, vanishes and reappears immediately with a tray of piping hot Italian coffee, crescent rolls, and pastries. Rosemary smiles mysteriously at their astonishment. Backstairs, her flat leads directly into a coffee bar.

EVER-POPULAR husband and wife Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis attend yet another premiere and smile pleasantly for the audience. Tony and Janet are happily married, have a baby daughter, and live in a middle-class area of Los Angeles.

I DON'T think Ingrid Bergman is worrying overmuch about the lawsuit she and Roberto Rossellini just lost in Paris for £10,000 sterling damages to orchestra leader Cesar de Mendoza. Film work prevented them from fulfilling a contract to tour South America in the opera "Joan of Arc at the Stake" — which in Europe had been a flop. By staying and making "Anastasia" Bergman's star is rising gloriously again on the international screen.

CITY FILM RELEASES

FILMS REVIEWED

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Ladykillers," technicolor crime-comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Katie Johnson, Cecil Parker. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "High Society," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Toy Tiger," comedy-romance in technicolor, starring Jeff Chandler, Laraine Day, Tim Hovey. Plus ★ "Wall of Death," carnival drama, starring Laurence Harvey, Maxwell Reed, Susan Shaw.

LYRIC.—★★★ "My Sister Eileen," color CinemaScope musical comedy, starring Janet Leigh, Betty Garrett, Jack Lemmon. Plus ★ "Human Desire," thriller, starring Gloria Grahame, Glenn Ford, Broderick Crawford. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Smiley," technicolor CinemaScope adventure-drama, starring Ralph Richardson, Colin Petersen. Plus ★ "Miracle on 34th Street," comedy-drama, starring Macdonald Carey, Teresa Wright.

PALACE.—★★ "The Killing," gangster drama, starring Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray. (See review this page.) Plus "Gun Belt," technicolor Western, starring George Mongomery, Tab Hunter.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "The Proud and Profane," war drama, starring William Holden, Deborah Kerr. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "The King and I," color CinemaScope-55 musical drama, starring Yul Brynner, Deborah Kerr, Rita Moreno. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "The Opposite Sex," color CinemaScope comedy with music, starring June Allyson, Joan Collins, Dolores Gray, Leslie Nielsen. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "French Can-Can," French-language technicolor musical comedy (English sub-titles), starring Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Francoise Arnoul. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Written on the Wind," technicolor drama, starring Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone. Plus ★ "My Wife's Lodger," comedy, starring Diana Dors, Leslie Dwyer.

VICTORY.—★ "Don't Knock the Rock," musical, starring Bill Haley and His Comets, Alan Dale. Plus "Duel on the Mississippi," technicolor adventure, starring Lex Barker, Patricia Medina.

NOT YET REVIEWED

CENTURY.—"Teenage Rebel," musical drama, starring Ginger Rogers, Michael Rennie, Betty Lou Keim. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Johnny Concho," Western, starring Frank Sinatra, Keenan Wynn, William Conrad, Phyllis Kirk. Plus featurettes.

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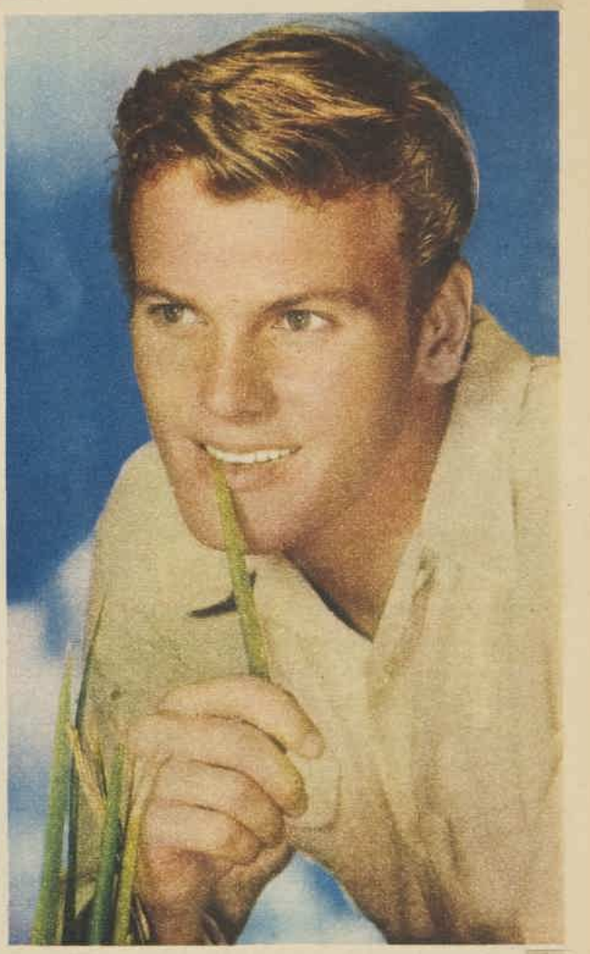
HEADING TOWARDS STARDOM

NATALIE WOOD has been around show business for a long time, though she is only a teenager. "A Cry in the Night" is her next film.



TAB HUNTER will no doubt keep the girl fans interested in his new film, "The Burning Hills."

★ Tops in promise and film popularity are young Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter, of Hollywood. The two are friends as well as fellow-workers.

PRETTY dark-haired Natalie was a child star of more than ordinary talent just a few years ago. Now she combines that sort of face and figure that fits nicely into any picture with a quite mature flair for acting.

At the ripe old age of 18, Natalie admits that acting is her whole life and not just a whim.

The point is, of course, that she is beginning to back up that sweeping statement with some convincing work before the cameras.

Boyish-looking, stalwart Tab Hunter, on the other hand, has been around Warners' studio for several years now without really hitting the movie jackpot.

However, while fans all over the world continue to render loyal admiration to Tab, his studio keeps on bowling up movie roles for him.

Film Fan-Fare

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Z119

1 FLYER Chuck Lockwood (Bob Hope), centre, is detailed to find out more about Russian pilot Vinka (Katharine Hepburn) and show her how Western democracy works. He asks for leave to take her to London.

2 KEEN to convince Chuck, on her part, that the Soviet way of life is the only one worth living, Vinka is sufficiently interested to turn upon him all of her considerable charm once they arrive in London. In reality Chuck is in London to see his fiancee.

3 SURPRISE visit to his suite by Connie (Noelle Middleton), Chuck's fiancee, is interrupted when Vinka, clad in a nightshirt, enters the room through a connecting doorway. It's hard for Connie to believe that Chuck is not interested in the Russian woman.

4 RUSSIANS in London suspect Vinka is a traitor. Col Sklarnoff (James Robertson Justice), left, and Dubratz (David Kossoff) plan to arrest her with the help of Ivan (Robert Helpmann), right, her former suitor.

The Iron Petticoat

5 EVERYBODY turns up at a party where the smartly gowned Vinka is entertained. However, she manages to thwart all attempts to corner her and escapes.

★ Whoever would have imagined Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope together in a film? Several people had a finger in this most unusual piece of casting, but it was Katharine herself who was largely responsible for the arrangement.

Comedian Bob Hope is quoted as saying, "I like the chemistry. That's what intrigues me about 'The Iron Petticoat,' the chemistry of mixing me with Katie Hepburn."

Whether it's chemistry or just shrewd casting, together Hope and Hepburn are a sparkling team in "The Iron Petticoat" (20th Century-Fox release). Katharine is a spirited Russian woman flyer who gets off course and into the western sector of Germany, and Bob is an air ace in a romantic spin.

6 ABOVE, Vinka walks into a court-martial and is found guity of treason, when she tries to arrange a return flight to Moscow after learning that Chuck is engaged. Chuck stows away and is found on her plane.

7 RIGHT, In Moscow, it is Sklarnoff and Dubratz who are arrested while Vinka and Chuck, her American lover who was willing to offer his life to save her from an unjust fate, are feted right and left.

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TELEVISION PARADE

by R.C. Packer

TCN's "Name That Tune" will be the first television programme in Australia to be telecast from a ship anchored in Sydney Harbor.

T.S.M.V. Manoora will be the setting for this hour-long gala programme which will present the regular lively quiz "Name That Tune," in addition to a selection of specially chosen variety guest stars.

The telecast is scheduled for Wednesday, February 13, at 9 p.m., on Channel 9. It will be attended by an audience of 250.

"Name That Tune" is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and compered by popular Chuck Faulkner.

Contestants in this popular quiz show can become eligible for Australian TV's biggest cash prize of £250 by correctly naming a series of popular songs.

Manoora has offered an additional prize of a free trip to Fremantle and back with all expenses paid in Fremantle for the two lucky people.

CHARLES DICKENS' story of the miser who treated his fellow men with contempt and regarded all kindness as humbug is told in the successful British film "Scrooge," for presentation in Saturday Screenplay on Channel 2 on February 9 at 8.20 p.m.

Brilliant actor Alistair Sim plays the title role.

Sim was once a lecturer on elocution and phonetics to divinity students at New College, Edinburgh University.

Supporting cast includes Jack Warner as Mr. Jorkins, the Victorian-age spiv; Kathleen Harrison as Mrs. Dilber, Scrooge's harassed charwoman; Mervyn Johns as Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's downtrodden clerk; and Hermione Baddeley as Mrs. Cratchit.

Tiny Tim is played by Glyn Dearman. Others in the cast include George Cole, Michael Hordern, and Rona Anderson.

Brian Desmond Hurst is the film's producer-director and the music was composed by Richard Addinsell.

TELEVISION and radio personality Douglas Channell will introduce several variety artists in his programme, TV Channell, on Thursday, February 7, at 9 p.m. on Channel 2—ABN.

Sydney bandleader Reg Lewis is featured at the piano, with Wilbur Kentwell at the Hammond organ. Young singer Margaret Day, who recently made her television debut in TV Channell, makes a welcome reappearance in a solo number and in a duet with popular vocalist Ross Higgins.

Singer Brian Lawrence, comedian Charlie Jarrett, Ya Yahmen (fire-eater and mind-over-matter expert), and the blind organist, Perc Roberts, will also be in the programme.

Production is by Kay Kinane.

★★★

I Love Lucy (Channel 9). Mondays, 8.30 p.m.

"I LOVE LUCY" is the "Blue Hills" of Yankee TV. For more than five years this show has enjoyed top rating in practically every American city.

The show is built around Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, the husband-and-wife team who not only act in the show but produce and own it. It is situation comedy at its best.

They have an extremely good script and there seems to be a laugh in every line. Their principal support comes from neighbors Fred and Ethel Mentz (William Frawley and Vivian Vance).

Perhaps one of the reasons the show has such popular appeal is that it portrays a husband and wife who are very much in love.

At the same time their marriage is one of the funniest and at times craziest imaginable.

★★

Name That Tune (Channel 9). Wednesdays, 9 p.m.

THIS show is being reviewed a second time because of change in compere and format.

Chuck Faulkner replaces Bruce Gyngell, whose appointment as programme director has forced him to give up the show, while a new set designed by TCN chief Ken Hall has altered the appearance of the show.

The set enables viewers to see both contestant and band at the same time. It also replaces the old and cumbersome arrangement which placed the two contestants next to the compere.

Faulkner, who in the past was a great asset to the show with his skilful commercials, is fitting into his new role as quizmaster as efficiently as he handles his other numerous jobs.

Neil Andrews seems to have been getting a bit lax with his direction. In the first Faulkner show there was not one close-up of a contestant.

EVERGREEN. Hopalong Cassidy (William Boyd), star of the half-hour "Hopalong Cassidy" series, on Sundays at 6.30 p.m., Channel 9.

EASTER WEDDINGS

THE Easter Brides Supplement published by the Daily Telegraph on February 20 will interest all brides, especially the girl who plans to marry at Easter.

There will be stories about hair-dos and head-dresses, bridal gowns, trousseau gifts, flowers, honeymoon places, linen, kitchens, homes, wedding etiquette, and menus.

Parents and friends of prospective brides and grooms will find answers to the many procedure problems.

You'll get ideas from the pictures published of clothing, travelling-cases, table settings, and furnishings.

Don't miss the Easter Brides Supplement in the Daily Telegraph on February 20.

The lovely one-piece spread with the luxury two-piece look!

A rich sweep of scalloping lends a delightful valenced look to the new JELDI charmer—"Minuet." It's a trick of clever designing, the decorative two-piece effect. For one-piece "Minuet" is a made-in-a-minute joy to busy bedmakers! And only *Jeldi* has the fascinating knobbly fabric that underlies the exquisite embroidery. The simple Turnatop drapes pillows smoothly. And for the luxury all women yearn for, you must have a *tailored* bedspread like "Minuet"—in down-soft uncrushable Jeldi chenille!

"Minuet," Design No. 374. Double and ¼ sizes, tailored to fit any bed. In ice blue, ice pink, ice green, ice gold and white. So simple to launder—never needs ironing—can never crush. At your favourite store—NOW!

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JE.10/7/56

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Touching your lips and fingertips with charm and radiance, Cutex nail polish and lipstick come in the most exciting range of shades imaginable to match the beauty of sunkissed skin tones. Gay pinks, bright reds — exciting deep reds, romantic blue reds. A shade to flatter every complexion and complement every costume. Matching Cutex Stay Fast lipstick keeps lips dewy soft — appealing all day — all evening long. Stays on — even after a kiss.

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THREE OF THE LOVELIEST CUTEX SUMMER COLOURS FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

PROPOSAL PINK — A delicate pink to keep you looking lovelier — all day, all evening long.
SOFT CORAL — A gay and bewitching shade of coral pink, for beach or formal wear.
PINK'N SWEET — A pink as thrilling as a new romance — designed for your prettiest, most romantic moments.

XIII

CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK CREAMY, LASTING, SATIN-SMOOTH . . 4/11 CUTEX NAIL POLISH, REGULAR . . 3/3 CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE . . 4/9

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"Take back your ring!"

She'd said it at last! Her engagement to Harry Johnson was over.

"But, Helen — you — you can't mean it!" stammered Harry. "What have I done? I don't understand!"

How could she tell him? How could she put into words the way she felt? No energy. No feeling for fun any more. Too tired to even pretend an interest in their plans for the future. So irritable . . . nervy. It was no use.

But Harry wasn't the kind to give in so easily. He spoke to Helen's mother.

"She's not herself, Mrs. Grey. Do you think you could persuade her to see a doctor?"

"I'll do my best," promised Mrs. Grey.

"Miss Grey," said Doctor Hunt, "there is nothing organically wrong, but you are definitely over-wrought and run-down. You say you are always tired, even wake tired; well these symptoms point to 'Night Starvation'. You see, while you sleep your heart and lungs go on exhausting energy from your body. This, in addition to the day's activity, can start a chain reaction of being tired, worrying about being tired and waking up tired, nervy and irritable, that's 'Night Starvation'. Try a cup of hot Horlicks before bed every night."

It wasn't long before the following appeared in the society columns: "The bride looked radiantly lovely in white brocade . . ." Yes, it was Helen Johnson, of course.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin, Horlicks contains: **protein** — essential to the growth of the body . . . **carbohydrate** — probably our best source of energy . . . **mineral salts** to help build tissue and regulate body activities . . . **calcium**, to build sound bone and good teeth . . . **Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D.** Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW IN RE-USABLE JAR!

only Horlicks guards against "NIGHT STARVATION"

End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of listless kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get Doan's today!

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly . . . removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A flattering fashion choice for all figure types is a tailored shirtwaist dress.

THE fashion item above answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you advise me on the following problem? What style of daytime frock would you advise for a figure with a 40in. bust? I am quite youngish, but a big build, though well proportioned. I am sure a paper pattern for a smart simple frock in this size would prove very popular."

I don't think you could have anything nicer or more flattering than a shirtwaist dress; actually the simple lines of a dress in this category suit all figure types and sizes. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right, and a paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I AM to be married in a country town towards the end of March, and as the weather will be terribly hot I don't know what would be the best material for my frock. I have planned on a ballerina."

A bride who is being married in high summer will find simplicity and cotton two good "guide" words when choosing her dress. Plain or embroidered organdie is a perfect material choice. For the design I like the idea of a very simple bodice, moulded and beltless through the waistline, and from this point a skirt belling gradually to the hemline.

"PLEASE help me by suggesting suitable clothes to take on an ocean cruise. The trip is up north."

During the day, casual clothes are correct—the type you would wear for a beach holiday. Matching shorts and top plus a button-on skirt would be ideal, because the shorts and top could be worn minus the skirt for deck games and sunning. If the ship you are travelling in has a swimming-pool you will need a swimsuit, some type of wrap to wear going to and from your cabin and the pool, and a pair of dark glasses. A warm jacket-cardigan or coat is another necessity, so is a pair of crepe-sole shoes for deck games. A ballerina skirt plus several tops or a couple of pretty cottons will be correct for most evenings. The exception is the captain's dinner, on which occasion most women wear a floor-length formal and the men a dinner-jacket.

"MY problem is a suitable color to wear as an accent shade with beige."

Red, turquoise, white, or black—one at a time, of course—would all be smart colors to accent beige.

"I WANT to make a late-day dress, and would like a style suggestion. I am very fashion-conscious, and considered quite smart by several of my girl-friends. The frock I want is to be black."

My suggestion is a one-piece with an Empire-line silhouette. Have the bodice-top sleeveless and finished with an oval neckline, and have it caught under the bosom with black ribbon streamers. At the back have a floating panel of self material starting from the shoulder-blades and reaching to the hemline. The latter is new in autumn fashions.

DS277.—Shirtwaist dress in sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ DISC DIGEST ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"BILLBOARD," the American paper which is looked upon as the bible of the pop music world, has released the findings of its ninth annual Disc Jockey Poll. Its list of the 20 favorite LP albums of 1956 makes interesting reading.

Here they are in order of choice: 1, Songs for Swinging Lovers (Sinatra); 2, My Fair Lady (original cast); 3, Calypso (Belafonte); 4, Cole Porter's Song Book (Ella Fitzgerald); 5, Four Freshmen and Five Trombones (Four Freshmen); 6, High Society (soundtrack); 7, My Fair Lady (Percy Faith); 8, Eddie Duchin Story (Carmen Cavallaro); 9, Belafonte (Harry Belafonte); 10, King and I (soundtrack); 11, Solo Mood (Paul Weston); 12, On the Sunny Side (Four Lads); 13, Julie Is Her Name (Julie London); 14, Misty Miss Christy (June Christy); 15 Platters (Platters); 16, Sax in Silk (B. Dukoff); 17, Dance to the Bands (Kenton, Herman, etc.); 18, Elvis Presley (E. Presley); 19, Dream Dancing (Ray Anthony); 20, The Dancing Sound (Les Elgart).

As far as I can check, half of these discs are now on sale in Australia, and Nos. 17 and 19 will be available by the end of this month.

As a result of "Billboard's" Poll, it seems fairly certain that most of the balance will be issued locally, with the exception of "My Fair Lady," which is on the publisher's restricted list until the play—the musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion"—is presented in Australia. Rumor says that may be some time next year. "Lady" was written by Lerner and Loewe, the men responsible for "Brigadoon" and "Paint Your Wagon," but it is so far superior to those two shows, both musically and in the brilliant lyrics, that you'd hardly credit the same men with writing it.

Another name that stands out in the list is that of Harry Belafonte. He's the colored singer you saw in the film of "Carmen Jones." American disc jockeys have named him their singer for the year.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Doctors prove PALMOLIVE can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days!

YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

★ *Fresher, brighter complexion!*
★ *Less oiliness!*
★ *Added softness and smoothness!*
★ *Complexion clearer, more radiant!*
★ *Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!*

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin.

Use Palmolive . . . it's so mild—so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.

BUY THE BIG SUPER-BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

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Heartburn?

For Fast ON THE SPOT *Relief*

DIGESTIF

Rennies

6d When indigestion or heartburn strikes get quick on-the-spot relief with pleasant, effective Rennies. New convenient roll pack now available everywhere.

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on earth would light a bonfire away up there, and what on earth could he be burning there, anyway? Whether they were being wise after the event, or not, I don't know, but one of them, Rhodri MacDowell, says that gradually, watching that leaping column of fire where no fire ought to be, they grew first of all uneasy, then alarmed, then downright frightened. And when the chap with the glasses reported seeing a dark figure moving in front of the flames, they decided to investigate."

He frowned down at the shining loch.

"By the time they got to it, of course, the fire was out, and it was only the remains of the smoke licking up the rock face that guided them. They found a widish ledge—easy enough to get to—with the remains of charred driftwood and birch and heather blackened and scattered, deliberately it seemed, all over the rock. Lying in the middle of the blackened patch was Heather's body, flat on its back." He drew sharply on his cigarette, and his voice was flat and colorless.

"She was not very much burned," he added. "She had been dead when he put her there. Ashes had been scattered over her, and her throat was cut."

"Oh!" I felt the color draining from my face.

"She was," said Roderick, in that flat, impersonal voice, "fully clothed, and she was lying quietly, with her hands crossed on her breast. The oddest thing was, though, that she was bare-footed, and all her jewellery had been taken off."

"Jewellery?" I said, astounded. "But good heavens—"

"Oh, no, not stolen," he said quickly. "She hadn't anything worth stealing, poor child, let alone worth getting herself murdered for. It was all there, in a little pile in the corner of the ledge; her shoes, a leather belt, and all the ornaments she'd been wearing—a ring, cheap bracelet and brooch, earrings—even a couple of hair-clips. Odd, don't you think?"

Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

from page 3

But I wasn't thinking about its oddness. I said savagely: "The poor kid had certainly put on all her finery for him, hadn't she?"

He shot me a look. "It's quite particularly unpleasant, isn't it?"

"It certainly is." I looked up and along the towering curve of Blaven's south ridge. "And the police? Do they favor Jamesy, or the gentleman from the hotel?"

He shrugged, and ground his cigarette out on the rock. "Don't ask me! They've been coming and going ever since that day, putting us all through it—very quietly and unobtrusively, but nevertheless thoroughly. But you see why nerves are a little bit on edge?"

"I see," I said grimly. "I must say it seems a little strange that Major Persimmon didn't warn new guests of what was going on. They might even have preferred not to come."

"Quite," said Roderick Grant. "But his line is, obviously, that Jamesy's talking nonsense to protect himself, and that it's nothing to do with the hotel. The heavy questioning is all over, and the police are in any case being very quiet about it all. You can hardly expect Bill—Major Persimmon—to ruin his season, and possibly his hotel, can you?"

"I suppose not." I squashed out my cigarette and rose. He got up, too, and stood looking down at me.

"I hope this hasn't upset you too much," he said, a little awkwardly.

"If it has," I said, "it can hardly matter, can it? It's that poor child, going up to her death on the mountain, all decked out in her best . . ." I bit my lip, and kicked at a tuft of heather, then raised my head and looked straight at him.

"Just tell me," I said, "precisely which 'gentlemen' were in this hotel on May the thirteenth?"

The blue eyes met mine levelly.

"All those," he said expressionlessly, "who are here now, with the exception of Miss Maling's chauffeur."

"And which of you," I said doggedly, feeling unhappy and absurd at the same time, "has an alibi?"

"None of us that I know of." Nothing in his voice betrayed any awareness of the change of pronoun which all at once gave the story a horrible immediacy. "Two of those boys camping by the river swear they were together; the third, no. Colonel Cowdray-Simpson and Bill Persimmon are vouched for by their wives, but that counts for very little, of course. Corrigan and Braine were out fishing on Loch an Athain."

"At midnight?"

"Quite a lot of people do. It's never really dark at this time of the year."

"Then they were together?"

"No. They separated to different beats some time after eleven, and went back to the hotel in their own time. Mrs. Corrigan says her husband got in well before midnight."

There was an odd note in his voice, and I took him up sharply.

"You don't believe her?"

"I didn't say that. I only think it was pretty good going to get back to Camasunary by midnight. Loch an Athain's another mile beyond the end of Creitheach, and the going's heavy."

"Did he let himself into the hotel?"

"It's open all night."

"How nice," I said. "And Mr. Hay?"

"In bed. A very difficult alibi to break."

"Or prove."

"As you say. Mine happens to be the same."

"I—I'm sorry," I said, feeling suddenly helpless. "This is—fantastic, isn't it? I can't believe . . . and anyway, I've no earthly business to be questioning you as if you were Suspect Number One. I really am sorry."

He grinned.

"That's all right. And it is your business, after all, if you're going to stay here. You've got to judge whom, if anyone, you feel safe with."

I put a hand to my cheek.

"Oh," I said, "I suppose so. I—I hadn't thought of that."

He spoke quickly, with contrition.

"And I'm a fool to have mentioned it before we got back to lights and company . . . Come along." He took my arm and turned quickly, helping me over the boulder-strewn turf. "We'll get back to the hotel. After all, for all you know, I might be Suspect Number One. This way; there's a path along the top of the ridge. We'll follow it along the hill a bit before we go down."

I went with him, disconcerted to find that my heart was pumping violently. The night had grown perceptibly darker; we had our backs to the lucent west, and before us the ghost-moon swam in a deepening sky, where the mass of Blaven stooped like Faustus' mountain, ready to fall on us.

And its menacing shape was repeated, oddly, in a shadow that loomed in front of us, right in our path . . . a tall pile of something, heaped on the heather as if to mark the crest of the hill. Roderick Grant guided me past it without a look, but I glanced back at it uncertainly.

"What's that? A cairn?"

He flicked a casual look over his shoulder. "That? No. It's a bonfire."

I stopped dead and his hand fell from my arm. He turned in surprise. I noticed all at once how still the glen was, how still and lonely. The lights of the hotel seemed a very long way off.

I said: "A—a bonfire?" and my voice came out in a sort of croak.

He was staring at me. "Yes. What's up?" Then his voice changed.

"I've done it again, haven't I? I never thought—I didn't mean to scare you. I'm a fool . . ." He took two strides back towards me and his hands were on my shoulders.

"Miss—Janet" — I doubt if either of us really noticed his use of my name — "don't be frightened. It's only the local Coronation celebration: they've been collecting stuff for the bonfire for weeks! It's nothing more sinister than that!" He shook me gently. "And I promise you I'm not a murderer, either!"

"I never thought you were," I said shakily. "It's I who am the fool. I'm sorry."

His hands dropped to his sides and I saw him smiling down in the dusk. "Then let's get back to the hotel, shall we?" he said.

We turned towards the lights of Camasunary.

. . . . . .

After all, it was not so very late. The hotel was bright and warm and safe, and one or two people were still about. Through the lounge door I could see Hartley Corrigan and Alastair sitting over a last drink and, nearby, Ronald Beagle placidly reading.

And the idea that any of the men that I had met could be guilty of a crime at once so revolting and so bizarre was fantastic enough to border on lunacy. It was on a slightly shamefaced note that I said good-night to Roderick Grant and went up to my room.

The head of the staircase opened on the central point of the main upper corridor, which was like a large E, its three branches all ending in windows facing east over the front of the hotel. My room lay in the far south-eastern corner at the end of the lower arm of the E. The bathroom next to me was, I found, occupied, so wrapping my white velvet housecoat round me I set out in search of another, which I found eventually at the far end of the main corridor.

I took a long time over my bath, and, by the time I had finished, the hotel seemed to have settled into silence for the night. I let myself softly out of the bathroom and padded back along the now darkened corridor.

I went softly across the head of the stairs and was almost past before I realised that someone was standing still and quiet at the end of the passage opposite, silhouetted against the dim window. Almost with a start I glanced over my shoulder.

It was two people. They had not seen me, and for a very

To page 41

WELL?

naturally I'm well

I take ENO

says Hayes Gordon *energetic star of "Kismet", brought to Australia by Garnet H. Carroll.*

How are you. Do you *always* feel "well"—like Hayes Gordon? Or do you find you get off-colour every so often – perhaps through over eating . . . or upset routine . . . or even through oppressive weather? Eno – the sparkling health drink will keep you feeling happier–*really* well. And Eno's prompt antacid action relieves acid indigestion . . . settles upset stomach. It will gently correct irregularity . . . calm sick headaches. Any time enjoy a glass of cooling, good-tasting Eno . . . feel refreshed . . . feel well *all the time.*

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SPARK UP WITH SPARKLING ENO

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Continuing . . . . **Wildfire at Midnight**

from page 40

good reason. They were in each other's arms, kissing passionately.

The woman was Marcia Maling. I recognised the fall of her pale hair even before her scent reached my nostrils. I remember vaguely thinking "Fergus?"—and then I recognised, too, the set of the man's shoulders and the shape of his head.

Not Fergus. Nicholas.

Hurriedly I looked away and went softly down the main corridor towards my room.

Somewhere behind me, on the other side of the passage, I heard a door shut softly.

. . . . . .

It was precisely one-forty-eight a.m. when I decided that I was not going to be able to sleep and sat up in bed groping for the light switch. The tiny illuminated face of my travelling clock stared uncompromisingly back at me from the bedside table. One-forty-eight a.m. I scowled at it and pressed the switch. Nothing happened.

Then I remembered that the hotel made its own electricity and that this was turned off at midnight. There had been a candlestick, I recollected . . . my hand groped and found it. I struck a match and lit the candle.

I scowled at the clock again, then slipped out of bed. I was jaded and depressed, and I knew that I had already reached the stage when my failure to sleep was so actively irritating that sleep had become an impossibility.

What was worse, I knew I was in for one of the blinding nervous headaches that had devastated me all too often in the past three or four years. I could feel the warning now, like a tiny electric wire thrilling behind my eyes, pain, with the elusive threat of worse pain to come.

I sat on the edge of the bed, pressing my hands hard against my eyes, trying to will the pain away, while still in my wincing brain whirled and jostled the images that, conspiring to keep sleep at bay, had switched the agonizing current along my nerves . . . Fire at midnight . . . fire on Blaven . . . and a gentleman from the hotel.

Corrigan? Roderick? Alastair? Nicholas?

I shivered, then flinched and stood up. I wasn't even going to try to ride this one out; I was going to dope myself out of it—and quickly. The life-saving tablets were in my handbag. I padded across the room to get it, groping vaguely among the grotesque shadows that distorted the corners of the room.

But it wasn't on the dressing-table. It wasn't on the mantelpiece. Or on the floor near the hand-basin. Or by the bed. Or — it was by now a search of despair—under the bed. It wasn't anywhere in the room.

I sat down on the bed again and made myself acknowledge the truth. I hadn't taken my handbag on that walk with Roderick Grant. I had left it in the lounge. I could see it in my mind's eye, standing there on the floor beside my chair, holding that precious pill-box, as remote from me as if it had been on a raft in the middle of the Red Sea. Because nothing, I told myself firmly, wincing from a fresh jag of pain, nothing was going to get me out of my room that night.

If anyone was to perform the classic folly of taking a midnight stroll among the murderous gentlemen with whom the hotel was probably packed, it was not going to be me.

On this eminently sensible note I got back into bed, blew out the candle, and settled down to ride it out.

Seventeen minutes later I sat up, lit the candle again, got out of bed, and grabbed my housecoat. I had reached in seventeen minutes of erratically increasing pain an even more sensible decision — and how much this was a product of reason and how much of desperation I can now judge more accurately than I could then.

It was quite a simple decision and very satisfactory. I had decided that Jamesy Farlane had murdered Heather Macrae. And since Jamesy Farlane didn't live in the hotel, I could go and get my tablets in perfect safety.

Perfect safety, I told myself firmly, thrusting my feet into my slippers and knotting the girdle of my housecoat tightly round me — as long as I was very quick, and very quiet, and was prepared to scream wildly if I saw or heard the least little thing . . .

Without pausing to examine the logic of this corollary to my decision I seized my candle, unlocked my door, and set off.

And at once I saw that this was not to be, after all, the classic walk through the murder-haunted house, for, although the corridor lights were of course unlit, the glimmer from the eastern windows was quite sufficient to show me my way and to lay bare the quiet and reassuring emptiness of the passages, flanked by their closed doors.

I went softly along the main corridor, shielding my candle, until I reached the stairhead.

The staircase sank down into shadow and I hesitated for a moment, glancing involuntarily over my shoulder towards the window where I had seen Marcia and Nicholas. No one was there this time; the window showed an empty oblong framing the pale night. I could see, quite distinct against the nebulous near-light of the sky, the massive outline of Blaven's shoulder. The moon had gone.

Then I heard the whispering. I must have been listening to it half-unconsciously during the few seconds I had been standing there for, when at length my conscious mind registered with a jerk the fact that two people were whispering behind the door to my right, I knew immediately that the sound had been going on all along.

It should have reassured me to know that someone else was still awake; it certainly shouldn't have disturbed and frightened me, but that is just what it did.

There was, of course, no reason why someone else in the hotel should not be sleepless, too. If Colonel Cowdray-Simpson and his wife or the Corrigans were wakeful, and consequently talkative, at this ungodly hour, they would certainly keep their voices down to avoid disturbing the other guests.

But there was something

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Fashion FROCKS

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"MICHELLE." — Pretty one-piece dress features a front-buttoned fastening and sleeveless bodice-top finished with an American-style collar. The material is flower-printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes blue and green flowers on a pink ground; rose and green flowers on a blue ground; lemon and green flowers on a green ground; and lemon and green flowers on a white ground.

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** Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 81. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 141 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

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Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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about the quality of the whispering that was oddly disquieting. It was as if the soft, almost breathless ripple of sound in the darkness held some sort of desperation which communicated itself to me through the closed panels and made the hairs prickle along my forearms as if a draught of chilly wind had crept through a crack in the door.

I turned to go and a board creaked as my weight shifted.

The whispering stopped. It stopped as abruptly as an engine shuts off steam. Silence dropped like a blanket, so that in a matter of seconds the memory of the sound seemed illusory, while the silence itself surged with millions of whisperings, all equally unreal.

But the sense of desperation was still there even in the silence. It was as if the stillness were a held breath that might burst at any moment in a scream.

I moved away quickly—and tripped over a pair of shoes which had been standing in the corridor waiting to be cleaned in the morning. The carpet was thick, but the small sound in that hush was like thunder. I heard a muffled exclamation from behind the door, then, staccato, sibilant, the splutter of a question. A deeper voice said something in reply.

There was only one pair of shoes: a woman's. I hastily retrieved the one I had kicked over and put it back beside its fellow. They were hand-made, exquisite, absurd things with four-inch heels. Marcia Maling's.

There was silence now behind the door. I almost ran down the stairs, plunging, heedless of the streaming candle-flame, into the darker depths of the hall. I felt angry and ashamed and sick, as if I myself had been caught out in some questionable action.

Of course, I thought bitterly as I crossed the hall and pushed open the glass door of the lounge, it was none of my business, but all the same . . .

She had, after all, only met Nicholas tonight. And where was Fergus in all this? Surely I hadn't misread the hints she had dropped about Fergus? And where, too, did Hartley Corrigan come in, I wondered, remembering the look in his eyes, and, even more significantly, the look in his wife's face.

And here I paid for my speed and my heedlessness as the swing door rushed shut behind me and tore the flame from my candle into a long streamer of sharp-smelling smoke. Shadows surged up towards me, pouncing from the corners of the dim lounge, and I halted in my tracks and put a hand back to the door, already half in retreat towards the safety of my room.

But the lounge was untenanted save by those shadows: in the glow of the banked peat fire I could see it all now clearly enough. I threw one haunted glance back at the hall beyond the glass door, then I went very quietly across the lounge towards where I knew my handbag ought to lie.

Marcia and Nicholas . . . the coupled names thrust themselves back into my mind. The odd thing about it, I thought, was that one couldn't dislike Marcia Maling — though I might feel differently about it if, like Mrs. Corrigan, I had a man to lose.

It was to be supposed — I skirted a coffee-table with some care — it was to be supposed that she couldn't help it. There was a long and ugly name for her kind of woman, but, remembering her vivid, generous beauty as she sat opposite me in this very room, I could not find it in me to dislike her. She was impossible, she was wanton, but she was amusing and very lovely and, I thought, kind.

Perhaps she was even being kind to me in a queer way by attracting Nicholas' attention to herself when she guessed I wished to escape it — though this, I felt, was perhaps giving a little too much credit to Miss Maling's disinterested crusading spirit.

I grinned wryly to myself as I stooped and groped beside the chair for my precious handbag. My fingers met nothing. I felt anxiously along the empty floor, sweeping my hands round in little questing circles that grew wider and more urgent with failure . . . and then I saw the faint glint of the bag's metal clasp not on the floor but on a level with my eye as I stooped. Someone must have picked it up and put it on the bookshelf beside the chair.

I grabbed it, yanked out with it some magazines and a couple of books, and flew back across the lounge with my long skirts billowing behind me.

I was actually at the glass door and shoving it open with my shoulder when I heard the outer door of the hotel porch open very quietly. I stood stock still, clutching books and bag and dead candle to a suddenly thudding heart.

Someone came softly into the porch. I heard the scrape of a nailed boot on the flags and faint sounds as he moved about among the climbing and fishing gear that always cluttered the place.

I waited. Roderick Grant had told me the hotel stayed open all night. This was surely — surely — nothing more sinister than some late fisherman putting his things away. That was all.

But all the same I was not going to cross the hall and climb the stairs in full view of him, whoever he was. So I waited, trying to still my sickening heartbeats, backing away from the glass door as I remembered my white housecoat.

Then the outer door opened and shut again, just as softly as before, and, clear in the still night, I heard his boots crunch once, twice, on the gravel road. I hesitated only for a moment, then I shouldered aside the glass door and flew across the hall to the outer porch, peering after him through the window.

The valley was mist-dimmed and full of vague shadows, but I saw him. He had stepped off the gravel on to the grass and was walking quickly away, head bent, along the verge of the road towards Strathaird. A man, slim, tallish, who walked with a long, swinging stride.

I saw him pause once and turn, looking back over his shoulder, but his face was no more than a dim blur. Then he vanished into the shadows.

I turned back from the window in the not-quite-darkness, gazing round the little porch. My eyes had adjusted themselves now: I could see the table with its weighing machine and the white enamel trays for fish; the wicker chairs holding rucksacks, boots, fishing-nets; pale ovals of climbing-rope depending from pegs; coats and mackintoshes, scarves and caps, fishing-rods and walking-sticks . . .

Behind me the door opened without a sound and a man came quietly in out of the night . . .

I didn't scream, after all. Perhaps I couldn't. I merely dropped everything with a crash that seemed to shake the hotel and then stood, dumb and paralysed, with my mouth open. The porch door swung to with a bang behind him. He jerked out a startled oath and then with a click a torchbeam shot out and raked me blindingly.

He said: "Janet!" And then laughed. "You startled me! What on earth are you doing down here at this hour?"

I blinked into the light, which went off.

"Alastair?"

"The same." He swung his haversack from his shoulder and began to take off his Burberry. "What was that you dropped? It sounded like an atom bomb."

"Books mostly," I said. "I couldn't sleep."

"Oh." He laughed again and pitched his coat over a chair. "You looked like a ghost standing there in that white thing. I was unmanned, but positively, I nearly screamed."

"So did I." I stooped to pick up my things. "I'd better go back to bed."

He had a foot on one of the chairs. "If you'd stay half a minute more and hold the torch for me, Janet, I could get these blasted bootlaces undone. They're wet."

I took the torch. "Is it raining?"

"In fits and starts."

"You've been fishing, I suppose?"

"Yes. Up the Strath."

"Any luck?"

"Pretty fair. I got two or three good trout and Hart took

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

HAVING broken a tooth, my husband consulted a dentist. On being advised of two or three alternative methods of treatment to fill the gap—all rather expensive—my husband asked the dentist to extract the stump and leave it at that.

"But think of your appearance!" the dentist exclaimed.

"Aw, that doesn't matter," my husband replied. "I'm married."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. Burton, 14 Layton St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY grandmother had been in the habit of having a birthday party each year. Her friends and relations always remembered her with little gifts, usually in the form of knick-knacks for her house. Arriving at the age of 90, the old lady was asked by a friend what she wanted for her birthday this year.

"Give me a kiss," was the reply, "so I won't have to dust it."

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. S. Burns, Jesmond Rd., Fig Tree Pocket, Brisbane.

● Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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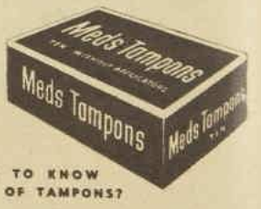

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Continuing . . . . **Wildfire at Midnight**

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a beauty, one and a half pounds."

"Hart? Oh — Hartley Corrigan."

"Mm. Don't wave the light about, my girl."

"Sorry. Is Mr. Corrigan not back yet, then?"

"Long ago. He came back a couple of hours since, but I'd just had some good rises, so I stayed. Strictly illegal, of course, so don't tell on me, will you?"

"Illegal?"

"It's the Sabbath, my dear, and you forgotten? I should have stopped at midnight, like Hart." He pulled his second boot off and straightened up. "His fish aren't in the tra' ," I said.

"What?" His eyes followed the torch beam to the table. "Neither they are . . . that's odd."

"Alastair."

He turned his head sharply at the note in my voice.

"Well?"

I said baldly: "Someone came into this porch five minutes ago, and messed around for a bit, and then went out again."

"What? Oh —" he laughed. "Don't sound so worried! That would be Jamesy."

"Jamesy?"

"Jamesy Farlane; he was out with us. He's a better walker than I am and he was in a hurry. He lives some way over towards Straithaird."

"I see," I said. I swallowed hard.

"Did you think he was a burglar? You don't need to worry about such urban horrors here, Janet. Nobody locks his door in the Islands. There aren't such things as thieves."

"No," I said. I put the torch down on the table and turned to go. "Only murderers."

I heard the sharp intake of his breath.

"Who told you?"

"Roderick Grant."

"I see. Worried?"

"Naturally."

He said: "I shouldn't be. Whatever it was all about it can't touch you."

"I wasn't worried about myself."

"Who, then?" He sounded wary.

I said with an edge to my voice: "Heather Macrae, of course. The girl — and her people. What had she done that a filthy, grotesque thing like that should catch up with her? What was it all about? There's something more than queer about it, Alastair. I can't explain just how I feel about it, but it — it's somehow particularly nasty."

He said inadequately: "Murder's never pretty."

"But it can be plain," I said, "and this isn't just plain, wicked murder. She wasn't just hit or stabbed or choked in a fit of human passion. She was deliberately done to death, and then—arranged. It was cold-blooded, calculating, and—and evil. Yes, evil. Here, too, of all places, where you'd think that sort of perverted ugliness had no existence. It's haunting me, Alastair."

He said, a little lamely: "The police are still on it and they won't let up, you know."

I said: "Who do you think did it?"

"Janet——"

"You must have thought about it. Who? Jamesy Farlane?"

"I—look, Janet, I wouldn't talk too much about it——"

I said: "You mean, in case it's someone in the hotel?"

He said, uncomfortably: "Well——"

"Do you think it's someone in the hotel?"

"I don't know. I—don't—know. If it frightens you, my dear, why don't you go somewhere else? Broadford, or Portree, or——"

"I'm staying here," I said. "I want to be here when they do nose out this devil, whoever he is. Whoever he is."

He was silent.

I said: "Good-night, Alastair," and went back upstairs to my room.

I DIDN'T take the tablets, after all. My dead-of-night walk among the murderers must have been the kind of shock-therapy that my headache needed, for when I got back to my room I realised that the pain had completely gone.

I got into bed and surveyed the rest of my booty.

I had got, I discovered, two copies of "The Autocar"; the books were "The Bride of Lammermoor" and the abridged edition of Frazer's "Golden Bough."

"The Bride of Lammermoor" put me to sleep in something under ten minutes.

. . . . . .

Next morning, sure enough, it was raining, with a small, persistent, wetting rain. The sheep grazing in the glen near the hotel looked damp and miserable, and all but the nearest landmarks were invisible. Even Sgurr na Stri, just beyond the river, was dim in its shroud of grey.

When I came down a little late to breakfast, the place was quiet, though this was the Sabbath quiet rather than a depression due to the weather. I could see Alastair Braine and the Corrigans sitting over newspapers in the lounge, while Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson and the old lady had already brought their knitting into play.

There were, however, signs that even a wet Sunday in the Highlands could not damp some enthusiasms. Colonel Cowdray-Simpson, at the grille of the manager's office, was conducting a solemn discussion on flies with Mr. Persimmon and a big countryman in respectable black; Marion Bradford and Roberta were in the porch staring out at the wet landscape, and near them Roderick Grant bent, absorbed, over a landing-net that he was mending with a piece of string.

He looked up, saw me, and grinned.

"Hullo. It's too bad it's Sunday, isn't it? Wouldn't you have loved a nice day's fishing in the rain?"

"No, thank you," I said with decision. "I suppose this is what you fishing maniacs call ideal weather?"

"Oh, excellent." He cocked an eye at the sullen prospect. "Though it mightn't prove too dismal even for laymen. This is the sort of day that can clear up in a flash. Miss Symes might get her climb, after all."

"Do you think so?" Roberta turned eagerly.

"It's possible. But" — he shot a wary half-glance at Marion Bradford's back, still uncompromisingly turned—"be careful if you do go and don't get up too high. The mist can drop again just as quickly as it can rise."

He had spoken quietly, but Marion Bradford heard. She turned and sent him a smouldering look.

"More good advice?" she asked in that tense, over-defiant voice that made anything she said sound like an insult.

Roberta said quickly: "It's good of Mr. Grant to bother, Marion. He knows I know nothing about it."

Marion Bradford looked as if she would like to retort, but she merely pressed her lips together and turned back to stare out of the window. Roderick smiled at Roberta and turned his attention to his landing-net. Then Ronald Beagle came out into the porch with a rucksack on his back.

"Why," said Roberta, "Mr. Beagle's going. Are you really going up Sgurr nan Gillean in this, Mr. Beagle?"

"I think it'll clear," said Beagle. "I'm going over there, anyway, and if it clears in an hour or so, as I think it will, I'll be ready." He waved

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Iron-on transfer and pattern

● Lovely sprays of flowers are the colorful designs featured on Iron-on Transfer No. 203A, illustrated below.

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vaguely to all of us and went out into the rain.

"Well," I said to Roberta, "both the oracles have spoken, so I hope you do get your climb."

"Are you going out, too?"

"My dear, I haven't even had my breakfast yet! And if I don't hurry I doubt if I'll get any!"

But as I was half-way across the hall towards the dining-room I was stopped by Major Persimmon's voice calling me from the office grille. I went over. The tall, thickset countryman was still there, bending over a tray of casts, his big fingers moving them delicately.

Bill Persimmon leaned forward across the counter.

"I believe you said you wanted to hire a rod, Mrs.—er — Miss Brooke and fish a bit?"

"Yes, I do, but I'm not quite sure when. I think I might wait a day or so and have a look round first."

"Just as you like, of course, only——" He glanced at the other man. "If you'd really like to be shown some fishing you might care to fix it up in advance with Dougal Macrae here. He'd be glad to go with you, I know."

The big man looked up. He had a square, brown face, deeply lined, and smallish blue eyes that looked as if, normally, they were good-tempered. Just now they held no expression at all.

He said, in the wonderfully soft voice of the Island men: "I should be glad to show the lady how to take a fish."

"That's very good of you," I said. "Perhaps—shall we say Wednesday?"

"Wednesday iss a free day." Dougal Macrae nodded his big head. "Yess, indeed."

"Thank you very much," I said.

Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

"Where shall I put you down for?" asked Major Persimmon.

Dougal Macrae said: "The Camasunary river, please; the upper beat. If we cannot take a fish out of there it will be a bad day indeed."

He straightened up and picked up a well-brushed and formidable bowler hat from the office counter. "And now I must be on my way or I shall be late at the kirk. Good-day to you, mistress. Good-day, Mr. Persimmon."

And he went out into the grey morning. I found myself looking after him. It had been only the most trivial of conversations, but it was my first acquaintance with the beautifully simple courtesy of the Highlander, the natural but almost royally formal bearing of the crofter who has lived all his life in the Islands. I was very much impressed with this quiet man. Dougal Macrae. Heather Macrae's father . . .

I nodded to Major Persimmon and went to get my belated breakfast.

. . . . . .

I had been (rather foolishly, I suppose) dreading my next meeting with Marcia, so I was glad that she was not in the dining-room. Indeed, before I had poured out my first cup of coffee I saw a big cream-colored car come slowly past the window and slide to a halt outside the porch door.

Almost immediately Marcia, looking enchanting and very urban in royal-blue, hurried out of the hotel and was ushered into the front of the car by a handsome boy in uniform, who tucked rugs round her with solicitous care. Still in expensive and effortless silence the car moved off.

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I drank coffee, wishing I had a morning paper, so that I could pretend I hadn't noticed Nicholas, who, apart from Hubert Hay, was the only other occupant of the dining-room.

But it was, after all, the latter who in a short while rose and came over to my table.

He walked with an odd, tit-tupping little step that made me think again of Marcia's bouncy rubber balls or of a self-confident robin. This latter impression was heightened by the rounded expanse of scarlet pullover which enlivened his already gay green tweeds. His face was round, too, with a small, pernickety mouth, and pale eyes set in a multitude of radiating wrinkles. He had neat little hands and wore a big gold ring set with a black stone.

He smiled at me, showing a flash of gold in his mouth.

"Miss — er — Brooke? My name is Hay."

"How do you do?" I murmured politely.

"I hope you don't mind me coming over to speak, Miss Brooke, but the fact is"—he hesitated and looked at me a little shyly—"the fact is, I wanted to ask a favor."

"Of course." I wondered what on earth was coming next.

"You see," he went on, still with that bashful expression that sat comically upon his round face, "you see, I'm footloose."

"You're what?" I said, startled.

"Footloose."

"That's what I thought you said. But——"

"It's my nom-de-ploom," he said. "I'm a writer." The scarlet pullover broadened perceptibly. "Footloose."

"Oh, I see! A writer—but how very clever of you, Mr. Hay. Er, novels, is it?"

"Travel books, Miss Brooke, travel books. I bring beauty to you at the fireside—that's what we put on the covers, you know. 'To you in your arm-chair I bring the glories of the English countryside.' And," he added fairly, "the Scotch. That's why I'm here."

"I see. Collecting material?"

"Takin' walks," said Hubert Hay simply. "I go walks and write about them with maps. Then I mark them A, B, or C according as to how difficult they are and give them one, two, or three stars according as to if they're pretty."

"How—very original," I said lamely, conscious of Nicholas sitting well within hearing. "It must take a lot of time."

"It's dead easy," said Hubert Hay frankly, "that is, if you can write like I can. I've always had the knack, somehow. And it pays all right."

"I shall look out for your books," I promised, and he beamed down at me.

"I'll send you one, I will, indeed. The last one was called 'Sauntering in Somerset.' You'd like it. And they're not books really, in a manner of speaking — they're paper-backs. I think the best I ever did was 'Wandering Through Wales.' I'll send you that, too."

"Thank you very much."

I noticed then that he was holding two old magazines in his hand. He put them down on the table and tapped them with a forefinger.

"I saw your photo in these," he said. "It is you, isn't it?"

"Yes."

He leafed through one of them until he found the picture. It was me, all right, a David Gallien photograph in tweeds, with a brace of lovely Irish setters stealing the picture. Hubert Hay looked at me, all at once shy again.

"I take photos for my books," he said hesitantly.

I waited, feeling rather helpless. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Nicholas stand up and begin leisurely to feel in his pockets for tobacco.

Hubert Hay said, with a rush: "When these geology chaps take a picture of a rock they put a hammer in to show you the scale. I thought if I took a picture of the Coolins I'd like to—to put a girl in so that you could tell how big the hills were and how far away."

Nicholas was grinning. I sensed rather than saw it. Hubert Hay looked at me across David Gallien's beautifully composed advertisement, and said, wistfully: "And you do photograph nice, you do, really."

Nicholas said casually: "You'd better find out what she charges. I believe it comes pretty high."

Hubert Hay looked at him, and then back at me, in a kind of naive bewilderment. "I—shouldn't I have——?"

He looked so confused, so uncharacteristically ready to be deflated, that I forgot my own embarrassment, and Hugo Montefior's probable apoplexy. I looked furiously at Nicholas.

"Mr. Drury was joking," I said swiftly. "Of course you may take a picture of me if you want to, Mr. Hay. I'd love to be in your book. When shall we do it?"

He flushed with pleasure and the scarlet pullover expanded again to its original robin-roundness.

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure, very kind indeed. I'm honored, I am really. If it clears up, how about this afternoon, on Sgurr na Stri, with the Coolins behind?"

"Fine," I said firmly.

"Bill Persimmon has a spaniel." Nicholas' voice was bland.

"Has he?" Hubert Hay took that one happily at its face value. "Maybe that's a good idea, too. I'll go and ask him if we can borrow it."

He trotted gaily off. Nicholas stood looking down at me, still with that expression of sardonic amusement that I hated.

"What's Hugo going to say when he sees you starring in 'Staggering Through Skye,' or whatever this masterpiece is going to be called?"

"He won't see it," I said tartly, as I rose. "The only travelling Hugo's interested in is Air France to Paris and back."

I started after Hubert Hay, but Nicholas moved, barring my way to the door.

"I want to talk to you, Gianetta."

I regarded him coldly. "I can't think that we have much to say to each other."

"I still want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"About us."

I raised my eyebrows.

"There isn't any 'us,' Nicholas. Remember? We're not bracketed any more. There's a separate you and a separate me, and nothing to join us together. Not even a name."

His mouth tightened. "I'm very well aware of that."

I said before I realised what I was saying: "Was that you with Marcia Maling last night?"

His eyes flickered, and then

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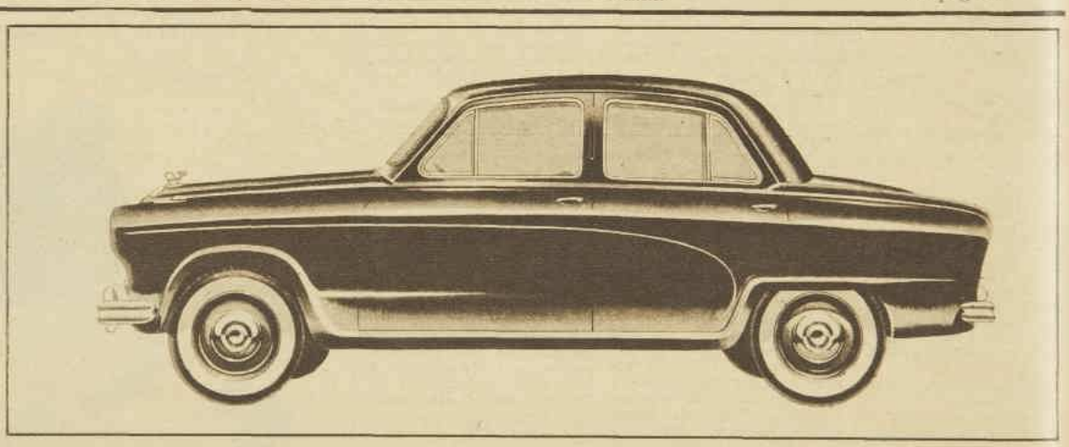

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Feb. 11

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a new hobby.	★ Glamor jobs, particularly those which mean contacting the public, are much sought after. More than an attractive appearance is needed to win. Intelligence counts.	★ The friendly atmosphere which greets one when entering a happy home must be earned. It is the product of cheerful consideration for the rest of the household.	★ If you are a teenager, this week may be unforgettable. Do not swoon should he (or she) cast glances in your direction. Soon there is magic in the making.	★ New friendships are under especially favorable stars. Go out of your way to keep in touch with people who attract you as kindred souls.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in diplomacy.	★ If applying for a job, especially the first, remember that informality is out of place. Wear a hat and gloves and a suitable frock. Say little except to answer questions.	★ If you can make the family and guests comfortable, worn or shabby places in your furnishings will never be noticed. You cannot be perpetually on parade.	★ Those who are quite young may have a crush on an older person who little suspects the reaction. Others find that a formal contact is ripening into love.	★ Some are entering a year of office in an organisation. You are anxious to make a success of it and can afford to rely on old hands who know the ropes.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in the printed word.	★ If your work calls for quick thinking, you could shine this week and expect new developments. You could be tried out on different work which tests your ability.	★ You wake up in the morning with a grand scheme which you put into lightning execution. By evening members of the household will admire your work.	★ You and the one you love best are going to travel a long road together, so companionship is important. Your sign demands brains as well as looks.	★ Gemini subjects run rings around others in foreseeing snags and managing difficult people. Put over your own suggestions with your gift of salesmanship.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in a savings campaign.	★ Whatever your income, there is constant pressure to exceed it for reasons which appear sound on the surface, but you will only be storing up worry. Play safe.	★ You catch up with part of your programme. You can cross off several items, especially if you are a parent. Guard against minor illnesses.	★ You and the beloved may be separated temporarily. This gives you both the chance to think things over. Some recent romances may not wear well, others endure.	★ It could be that standing on your own feet, doing things yourself, will bring far better results than waiting for the dilatory or the faint-hearted.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in all partnerships.	★ If you feel you have been doing more than your fair share of work, with scant recognition of the fact, whether homemaker or paid employee, adjust matters.	★ Many of you settle into a new routine, easier than the one you recently faced. Demands may be made by efforts of the marriage partner at home improvement.	★ This week favors married couples who wish to renew the happiness of courting days, also older folk. More than one engagement will be announced.	★ The informal gathering scores a hit, whether guests are teenagers, young married, or those young only in heart. A chance to talk is the main ingredient.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a task well done.	★ Much of this week's effort is routine, and holds little interest for you. Make the most of your leisure to brighten your days by experimenting along new lines.	★ This is ideal for the home dressmaker to make up material bought at sales, for the amateur milliner or interior decorator. Intense activity will keep you busy.	★ If he is trying to build a cottage or add a sunroom to the house, do your part by holding the timber, or carrying bricks, or finding nails. Your stocks will soar.	★ Do not worry when preparing for a simple get-together. If there is a purpose in the meeting, everything will swing along happily. Enthusiasm is high.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in popularity.	★ If you are self-employed, you might have a run of profitable luck. Otherwise, a person you dislike may be shifted, or a friend may come to work.	★ More play than work, even if it means just having folks in for a cup of tea. Your home is more than a workshop. Experimental cookery could be fun.	★ You can make a hit without half trying, because he is already, without knowing it, a little bit in love. There will be ample opportunity to see each other.	★ You can steer committees, groups of people, through all kinds of discussion into successful action. Your magnetism will be an invaluable asset.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in finding a lost article.	★ Hang on to the present set-up for another few weeks; you are not ready yet to make changes. Plan, however, for greater efficiency, a larger income.	★ You have instinctive good taste, and are greatly influenced by your surroundings. Some start on a hobby, which will give hours of pleasure and ornament your home.	★ You may discover that your idol has feet of clay. Your standard is high and second best will never do. If that is the case, gently slip out of the relationship.	★ If hesitating between two programmes, one being a continuation of last year's activities to which you feel loyalty, the other being novel, wait a week or two.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a shop window.	★ You can always discover a time-saving method or a new answer to an old problem. Do not be too proud to learn. Many interruptions could set you back.	★ It will be up to you, the homemaker, to see that various interests pursued by different members of the family do not clash. Watch this in the months ahead.	★ That weekend expedition could be memorable, particularly if it is a first date. You are the outdoor type, at your best in informal surroundings.	★ Rally your friends to help you with a well-worth scheme. Watch details, be clear in arrangements, depend upon faithful supporters, and share the credit.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in finances.	★ Your financial ability is excellent. Follow your own judgment regardless of advice showered on you. It will bring you closer to your goal.	★ The financial struggle soon ends. You can turn to other aspects of home and family living. Economy can be sugar-coated if you are diplomatic.	★ A member of the opposite sex who works where you do or nearby could play an increasing part in your social affairs. Group activities could bring love.	★ You may be feeling expansive and optimistic. You might commit yourself to a plan which worries you later. You wonder how you can crawl out successfully.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in all new ventures.	★ Much depends upon the personal touch. You can control any situation if you are sure of what you want. The chief danger lies in uncertainty.	★ If a young married, this week you may step out without the children. A bit of romance from time to time is an excellent ingredient in any home.	★ Well, this is it, and perhaps you are right when you think so. It glitters, but only time will tell if it is pure gold or merely tinsel. In the meantime, happy hours.	★ You may be absent from a gathering and find this lets you out of responsibility for an adopted plan. Dissatisfaction could cause you to resign from a group.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck on your own feet.	★ Factors may be irritating in your work as an employee, homemaker, or voluntary helper. Associates may be short-tempered, ill, or unreasonable. Keep cool.	★ You have a number of fine ideas, but not all of them work. Try them out on a very small scale first. Expand those which show promise gradually.	★ You may cast longing glances at an attractive boy, or girl, and wonder how you can get acquainted. A way to handle this problem will be presented to you.	★ You are generally even-tempered and inclined to be mild, but this week you pitch in and say a few home truths. You will stand pat.

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Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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went blank. He said: "Yes, if you are really interested."

I walked past him and out of the room.

. . . . .

The oracles had been right. By eleven o'clock the rain had cleared, and the clouds began to lift with startling rapidity. I saw Marion Bradford and Roberta set off up the valley about half an hour later, and, not long afterwards, Nicholas went out along the track towards Strathaird.

Shortly before noon the sun struggled out, and, in a moment, it seemed, the sky was clear and blue, and the mist was melting from the mountain-tops like snow. Sedge and heather glittered with a mass of jewels, and the frail gossamers sagged between the heather-tips, weighted with a Titania's ransom of diamonds.

Hubert Hay and I set out with Bill Persimmon's spaniel soon after lunch. We went down through the little birch-grove to the stepping-stones which spanned the Camasunary river. The birches were old and lichened, but they moved lightly in the wind, censing the bright air with rain-drops, an intermittent sun-shower that we had to dodge as we took a short cut through the grove towards the river, picking our way over the wet bilberry-leaves and mosses and the scattered chunks of fungus that had fallen from the trees.

We crossed the river by the stepping-stones, and, after an hour or so of steep but not-too-difficult walking, reached the crest of Sgurr na Stri.

Hubert Hay, for all his rotundity, was light on his feet, and proved, a little to my surprise, to be an entertaining companion. His knowledge and love of the countryside was not as superficial as our conversation had led me to expect; he talked knowingly of birds and deer and hill-foxes, and knew, it appeared, a good deal about plants.

He babbled on as he chose his "picture" and set his camera, and though he talked incessantly in cliches, I could sense that his satisfaction in what he called "the great outdoors" was deep and genuine.

His resemblance to a cocky little robin became every minute more remarkable, but the quality that Marcia had called "sorbo" was, I discovered, due to an irrepressible gaiety, a delighted curiosity about everything, rather than to self-satisfaction. He was, in fact, a rather attractive little man.

We took three photographs. From the top of Sgurr na Stri you can see the whole range of the Black Cuillin, the forbidding arc that sweeps from Garsven in the south to Sgurr nan Gillean in the north, with Loch Coruisk, black as an inkwell, cupped in the roots of the mountains.

I posed with the spaniel, an aristocratic but witless beast, against mountain, sky, and loch in turn, while Hubert Hay fussed with his camera and darted from one point to another with little cries of polite satisfaction.

AFTER Hubert had taken his photographs, we sat down together on a rock and lit cigarettes. He seemed to have something on his mind, and smoked jerkily for a bit.

"Miss Brooke," he said at length, "do you—d'you mind me saying something to you?"

"Of course not. What is it?"

"You're here alone, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Don't go out by yourself with anyone, Miss Brooke. You're all right with me here today, of course, but you weren't to know that." His rather absurd voice was somehow scarifying in its vehemence. "But don't go with anyone else. It's not safe."

I said nothing for a moment. I realised that I had actually, since breakfast that morning, forgotten the sort of danger that was walking these hills.

"You don't mind me saying?" asked Hubert Hay anxiously.

"Of course not. You're perfectly right. I promise you I'll be careful." There was a certain irony about the admonition, repeating as it did Roderick Grant's warning of the night before. Could I, then, eliminate two of the suspects among the "gentlemen from the hotel," or were these warnings some subtle kind of double bluff?

If I went on going for walks with the "gentlemen," no doubt I should find out soon enough. I shivered a little, and pulled the dog's ears.

"It's not a very pleasant thought, is it?"

His face flushed dark red. "It's terrible. Miss Brooke"—he turned to me with a queer, almost violent, gesture—"that girl, Heather Macrae—she was only eighteen!"

I said nothing.

"It was her birthday." His funny, high little voice held a note almost of savagery. "Her eighteenth birthday." He took a pull at his cigarette, and then spoke more calmly: "I feel it a bit, Miss Brooke. You see, I knew her."

"You knew her? Well?"

"Oh, dear, no. Only to speak to, as you might say. I'd stopped at the croft a couple of times, when I was out walking, and she'd made me a pot of tea. She was a pretty girl, gay and a bit cheeky, and kind of full of life. There wasn't a bit of badness in her. Nothing to ask for—what she got."

"You didn't get any hint as to who she was going with?"

It was a silly question, of course, as the police would have gone over the ground with meticulous thoroughness, but he answered without impatience, "No, none at all."

But his voice had altered subtly, so that I glanced at him. "You got something?"

"A very little hint," he said carefully. "I told her that I was writing a book, of course, and she was interested: people usually are . . . She said that quite a lot of folks came around the crofts one way and another, asking questions about local customs and superstitions and the like. I asked her if she had any special superstitions—just joking-like—and she said no, of course not, she was a modern girl. Then I said wasn't there any magic still going on in the islands like there used to be, and"—he turned pale, round eyes on me—"she shut up like an oyster, and pretty near hustled me out of the kitchen."

"Magic?" I said. "But that's absurd!"

He nodded.

"I know. But, you know, I can't help having a feeling about this murder. It must have been all planned, you see. The stuff he'd used for the bonfire must have been taken up there, bit by bit, quite deliberately. There was heather and peat and branches of birch-wood, and a big chunk of oak hardly charred, and a lot of that dry fungus—agaric—that you get on birch-trees."

I made an exclamation, but he hadn't heard me.

"Then, when he is ready, he gets the girl up there . . . Just think a minute, if you'll excuse me bringing it up again . . . the fire, and the shoes and things in a neat pile, all tidy, and the girl laid out with her throat cut and her hands crossed, and ashes on her face . . . Why, it's like a sacrifice!"

The last word came out with a jerk. I was on my feet, staring down at him, with my spine prickling.

"But that's crazy!"

The pale, troubled eyes glanced up.

"That's just it, isn't it? Whoever did it must be just plain crazy. And he looks and acts just as sane as you or me . . . except sometimes." He got to his feet and regarded me solemnly. "So I wouldn't go for walks with anybody, if I was you."

"I won't," I said fervently. "In fact, I'm beginning to think that I might go back to London, after all."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea at that," said he, picking up

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his camera and turning to follow me down the hill.

I was still wondering if it wouldn't, after all, be wisest to ditch my plans and leave the hotel when something happened that made me decide, at any rate for the time being, that I must stay.

It was in the lounge, after dinner, that the first stirrings of a new uneasiness began to make themselves plain. Alastair Braine, carrying coffee-cups, paused in the middle of the room and said, on a slight note of surprise: "Hullo, aren't the climbers back yet?"

"They weren't at dinner," said Alma Corrigan.

Colonel Cowdray-Simpson exclaimed: "No, neither they were. I hope there's nothing amiss."

"That fool woman!" said Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson, roundly. "She shouldn't have gone up on a day like this."

Alastair said reassuringly: "I shouldn't worry. They've probably only gone a little farther than they meant to and, after all, it's still light."

Nicholas looked up from a letter he was writing. "The weather was clearing nicely when they went and there's been no mist on Blaven this afternoon. They'll be all right."

"If only," said Marcia Maling, "if only that awful woman hasn't gone and done something silly just to impress! That poor child Roberta——"

Roderick Grant said quietly: "Miss Bradford is actually a very accomplished climber. She wouldn't take any risks with a beginner. And Drury is quite right about the weather. After all, Ronald Beagle went up Sgurr nan Gillean and he certainly wouldn't have gone if it hadn't been all right."

"He's not back, either," said Hubert Hay.

There was a little silence. I sensed discomfort and uneasiness growing.

"Neither he is," said Alma Corrigan, rather stupidly. "Well, I suppose——"

"Where's your husband?" asked Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson.

The question sounded abrupt, but there was nothing in it to make Alma Corrigan flush

Continuing .... Wildfire at Midnight

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scarlet as she did. "He—he went out walking."

She was so obviously embarrassed that everybody else began to feel embarrassed, too, without knowing the reason.

Alastair said quickly: "We all went out after lunch to walk up to the ridge for the view over Loch Slapin. I brought Mrs. Corrigan back, but Hart went farther."

"Oh, you went that way? Did you see the women, then, on Blaven?" asked Colonel Cowdray-Simpson.

"Not a sign. We saw someone—I believe it was Drury—in the distance, but not another living soul."

"I wasn't on Blaven," said Nicholas, "so I didn't see them, either."

> **You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased by them.**
>
> **—John Ruskin**

Roderick Grant put down his coffee-cup and got to his feet.

"It's only eight-thirty and I don't personally think we need to worry yet," he said, "but they certainly should have got back by this. I think I'll have a word with Bill. They may have told him if they were going to be late."

He went quickly into the hall, where I could see him leaning over the office counter in earnest conversation with Major Persimmon.

"Sensible chap," said Colonel Cowdray-Simpson. "No point in starting a fuss."

But Marcia was not to be stopped so easily.

"This is too ghastly, isn't it? What d'you suppose could have happened to them?"

"Plenty of things can happen in the Cuillin," said Alma Corrigan, rather tartly, "and altogether too many things have been happening lately."

"That affair?" said Alastair. "That can hardly have any connection——"

"I'm not talking about the murder," said Alma brutally. I heard Marcia give a little gasp. "I'm talking about climbing accidents." She looked round the circle of faces, her fine eyes serious and a little frightened. "Do you realise how many people have been killed by the Cuillin this year alone?"

Her use of the preposition gave the sentence an oddly macabre twist, and I saw Marcia glance over her shoulder to where the great hills towered against the massed clouds of evening.

"Is it—a lot?" She sounded a little awe-stricken.

"Four," said Alma Corrigan, and added, almost absently, "so far . . ."

I felt the little cold caress of fear along the back of my neck, and was grateful for the colonel's brisk interposition.

"Well," he said practically, "if people will go wandering out in these mountains with only the haziest ideas of how to climb them, they must expect accidents. In almost every case these mishaps are brought about by ignorance or carelessness, and I'm sure we can acquit both Beagle and Miss Bradford on both those grounds. We're making an unnecessary fuss, and I think we'd better stop talking about it and frightening ourselves."

He turned to Alastair with some remark about tomorrow's sport, and in a few minutes tension seemed to be relieved, and people were chatting generally.

I turned to Marcia Maling. "Where did you go today?"

"To Portree, my dear"—her face lit up with the familiar charm — "along the most ghastly roads, with poor dear Fergus snarling like a tom-cat all the way because he'd just washed the car!"

"I thought there was an excellent road from Broadford?"

"Oh, there is. But it goes snaking about with the most ghastly hairpin bends and cliffs and things——"

"But, Marcia, the views——"

The views were dismissed with a wave of her cigarette.

"It was divine, of course," she said quickly, "only it was raining. And then Portree on a Sunday is the utter end. But I got some marvellous tweed there on Friday. I'll show it to you tonight. It's a sort of misty purple, and quite gorgeous."

But here Roderick came back into the lounge, and there was a lull in the conversation as eyes turned towards him.

"Bill Persimmon says there's no earthly reason to worry," he said reassuringly, but as he crossed the room towards me I thought I saw uneasiness in the glance he cast at the sky outside.

Someone switched on the radio, and the lugubrious weather report insinuated itself into the conversation. Colonel Cowdray-Simpson moved nearer to listen.

"Waiting for news of Everest," said Roderick to me with a grin. "That, with the notable absence of fish in the rivers, seems to be the Colonel's main preoccupation."

"He's rather sweet," I said. "I'd hate him to be disappointed, but, you know, I have the oddest feeling about Everest . . . I believe I'd be almost sorry to see it climbed."

"Sorry?" He looked at me curiously. "Why, on earth?"

I laughed. "Not really, I suppose. But I'd always imagined it as the last inviolate spot that arrogant man hadn't smeared himself over, sort of remote and white and unattainable. Immaculate, that's the word I want. I somehow think it would be a pity to see man's footmarks in the snow."

"I didn't know you were a poet, Gianetta," said Nicholas' voice above me, lazily mocking. He had come over to the window just behind my chair.

I felt myself blushing, and

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1 Into a mixing bowl, pour ½ tin Nestlé's Condensed Milk.

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SEEDS for flavor

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

• Many flower and vegetable seeds give a delightful flavor to sweet and savory foods and are crisp and crunchy to eat.

BREADS, cakes, buns, soups, vegetables, and meat dishes are some of the foods that can be given a pepped-up flavor by the addition of seeds.

The seeds most readily available in Australia are poppy, caraway, celery, and mustard. They can be included in dozens of dishes, and interesting ways of using them are suggested in the recipes on this page.

Caraway seeds, the dried seeds of a plant grown chiefly in Holland, are used to flavor cakes and biscuits, savory dishes and cheese spreads.

Celery seeds, commercially dried, are included in dishes in which the flavor of celery is desirable, such as pickles, salads, salad dressings, or fish dishes.

Mustard seeds are dried and used whole in pickling, or crushed to flavor savory dishes.

Poppy seeds, imported mainly from Holland, are popular as a topping for yeast rolls or bread, biscuits, salads, and some savory dishes.

Other culinary seeds, not so readily obtainable in Australia, are mentioned frequently in overseas cook-books. They are:

Aniseed: A plant that grows in southern Europe, Tunisia, India, and Chile. The dried seed is used in sweet rolls, cakes, biscuits, candies.

Cardamon: A herb found in the Malay Archipelago, India, and Ceylon. The dried whole seeds are used in pickling; ground dried seeds are used in Danish pastries.

Coriander: A plant grown in Morocco, southern Europe, and India. The dried ground seeds are used to flavor yeast mixtures, and some types of sausage.

Cumin: Dried seeds from a plant found in Mediterranean islands, Morocco, and India. Seeds are similar in shape to caraway seeds and are used in the making of chilli powder and curry powder.

Dill: The seeds of the dill plant are used in making dill pickles, and with sauerkraut, and in salads and dressings.

Sesame: A plant grown in India and Turkey. The small seeds are used on Armenian and Turkish breads, cakes, and biscuits.

All spoon measurements are level in the following recipes.

LEFT: Almonds and melted butter make this dish of poppy-seed noodles a tasty accompaniment for braised meat dishes.

ABOVE: These breads and rolls are crisp and delicious. See recipes for caraway sticks, seeded loaf, crusty butterhorns.

CARAWAY BREAD STICKS

One cup scalded milk, ½ cup butter or margarine, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 cake compressed yeast, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons caraway seeds, 3 cups plain flour, melted butter.

Combine milk, butter, sugar, and salt, cool until lukewarm. Add crumbled yeast, beaten egg, nutmeg, and half the caraway seeds. Mix well and gradually stir in the sifted flour, mixing to a soft dough. Beat vigorously, cover and place in refrigerator for 2 hours, or until required. Divide chilled dough into 3 dozen small pieces. With the hand, shape each piece into a thin roll about 6in. to 8in. long, working on a lightly floured board. Place 1in. apart on a greased oven-tray, cover and stand in a warm place until doubled in size, about 1½ hours. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to rack, brush with butter, and sprinkle with remaining caraway seeds.

SEEDED FRENCH LOAF

Two and a quarter cups lukewarm water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, 6½ cups plain flour, extra flour, 1 egg-white beaten in 1 tablespoon water, or milk, sesame seeds or poppy seeds.

Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup of the water, stand for a few minutes, and add to the balance of the water and salt. Stir in the 6½ cups flour. Knead well, adding up to another cup of flour until dough is firm and elastic. The dough should be dry. Place in greased basin, cover with damp cloth without touching the dough. Stand in a warm place until doubled in bulk, knock down, and allow to rise again. Divide dough into 3 or 4, making rolls about the size of frankfurts. Place on a greased tray and make gashes ½in. deep and 2in. apart. Brush with egg-white or milk, stand in a warm place to rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven until light brown, glaze again, and sprinkle with seeds. Return to oven for 40 to 45 minutes. Cool quickly in a draught.

CHOPS ANDALUSIAN

Six lamb chump or short loin chops, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon melted fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups stock or water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard seed, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 cup sliced carrot, salt and pepper.

Trim fat from chops, brown lightly on both sides in hot fat and

Continued on page 55

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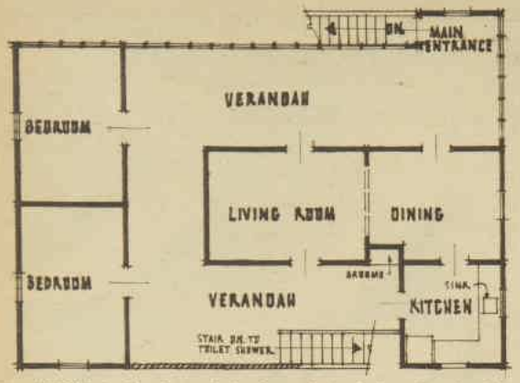
ARCHITECT'S DIARY

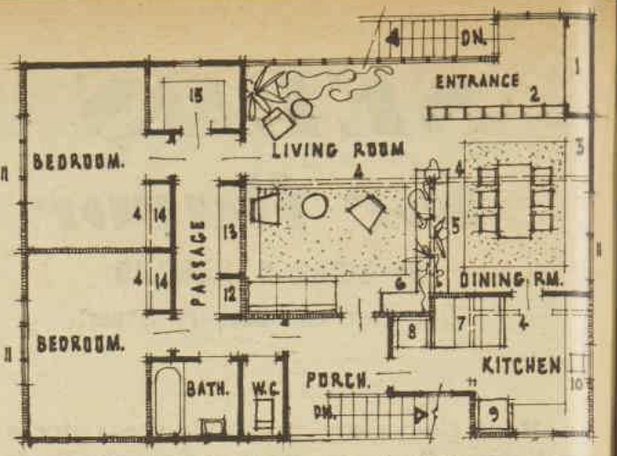
Alterations to flat

by Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

● Alterations that converted the upper floor of an old farmhouse into a flat for Mr. and Mrs. Russ Mayers, of Bartle Frere, North Queensland, are not entirely satisfactory. They have asked my advice in replanning the flat.



ABOVE is the plan of the flat submitted for alteration by Mr. and Mrs. Mayers. Notice how the surrounding verandahs keep light from the living and dining areas. Neither bedroom has the needed built-in cupboards.



ABOVE shows altered flat with: 1, coat cupboard; 2, egg-crate fitment; 3, built-up existing windows; 4, demolished existing walls; 5, sideboard and bookshelves; 6, radiogram; 7, dinette; 8, refrigerator; 9, existing store; 10, existing sink; 11, new windows; 12, broom cupboard; 13, cupboards; 14, wardrobes; 15, linen and case store.

FROM the layout of the flat submitted to me, it appears that large areas of the verandahs in the flat are out of proportion to the area of the living-room. As a result, the living-room is dark and unattractive.

The flat has not enough cupboards and storage space. Mrs. Mayers has asked my advice on the best location for new built-in wardrobes and cupboards to hold linen, blankets, working clothes, suitcases, and other items.

Another disadvantage in the flat is an outside toilet and shower.

I suggest the flat be rearranged by converting a large part of the verandahs into more useful living space that gets outside light and ventilation and eliminates the dark pocket in the centre of the flat.

This could be done by demolishing the present eastern wall of the living and dining rooms and substituting beams to support the roof.

This would open up a large area that could be subdivided.

For example, an entrance vestibule could be created by introducing a glass screen or egg-crate shelving, kept clear of the floor and ceiling to allow ventilation. There would be space in the vestibule for a large coat cupboard.

Another subdivision in the living-room could be made by adding bookshelves with a sideboard fitment on the dining-room side, and a plant trough suspended from the ceiling by vertical timber fins.

The living areas would be opened up to the east by the long row of existing casement windows, and would have an effect of spaciousness and informality that is lacking in the present plan.

By removing the existing broom cupboard and increasing the size of the kitchen slightly, a built-in dinette could be added.

There is room in the existing back verandah for a new bathroom and separate toilet, leaving a small porch at the rear to serve the back stairs.

The wide passageway past the bedrooms provides ample space for built-in wardrobes made accessible from the bedrooms by removing sections of the bedroom walls.

More cupboards, including a new broom cupboard and linen store, could be added in the passageway and front verandah, as shown in the suggested plan above at right.

ABOVE: Perspective view of new living and dining area shows how extra space has been created.

COLDS AND SORE THROATS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

● Colds are caught easily near the end of the summer when prolonged heat often lowers vitality and bodily resistance to germs. If neglected, the mildest cold can have complications.

Children who have colds repeatedly are often found to be suffering from enlarged or infected tonsils or bad adenoids. If this is so, medical advice should be sought.

A cold should never be neglected in babies or young children because bronchitis or pneumonia can result. Prompt treatment should therefore be given. Put the child to bed and give him a light diet, with plenty of fluid—fruit drinks and alkaline drinks.

If the child is old enough give him a gargle or a simple antiseptic mouthwash if his throat is sore.

Colds pass quickly from one person to another, so a child with a cold should be kept away from others, and should be taught to cough and sneeze into a handkerchief to avoid spreading germs.

A mother with a cold should always wear a sterile gauze mask when attending to her baby.

Avoid epidemic diseases, stay away from crowded peak-hour travel, and do not take children into crowded, overheated, and badly ventilated buildings.

A leaflet giving hints on a simple treatment of colds can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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TOMATO BRAWN

6 Servings

1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in ½ cup hot water, ¾ lb. fresh ripe tomatoes, ½ small onion, 2 dessertspoons vinegar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, salt, pepper to taste, 2 hard-boiled eggs, ½ lb. cold meat.

Skin and slice tomatoes and onion, place in saucepan with vinegar, cinnamon, pepper, salt. Simmer until quite soft. Rub through a coarse sieve. Add dissolved gelatine. Chop meat in small pieces and slice eggs. Arrange in a mould. Carefully pour in the tomato liquid when it is thickening.

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RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.,
Well-known Interior Decorator, tells you how to make the best of your home.

"FELTEX GIVES YOU ECONOMICAL AND BEAUTIFUL *modern floors*"

Everyone can afford the comfort of Wall-to-Wall beauty on their floors with Feltex, with its width of six feet, and its many patterns and shades give you a very wide choice when planning your furnishing schemes. The size of the room featured is 15′ x 12′ and to cover this with Castle Grey Patterned Feltex 120/7 would cost approximately £43, not including Sewing, Laying and Underfelt. See your favourite furniture store to-day, they will be pleased to show you the Feltex range of colours and patterns.

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In our room we have chosen a contemporary design, with brilliant colours to sharply contrast with the muted greys of the floor. The feature wall was painted Coral Rose, and the remaining walls, ceiling and woodwork Shadow Grey. Vivid Peacock Blue canasta covered the large settee which makes a focal point for television viewing.

Two comfortable armchairs on the opposite side of the room repeated the Coral Rose wall, in a slightly deeper tone, white lampshades and white picture frames on the grouped pictures helped again to sharpen the contrasts in accessory notes.

All these colours I am sure you will agree give splendid harmony to the grey toning of our new and unusual Feltex.

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Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

from page 47

Roderick looked more than a little annoyed.

"Why should you? I didn't know you knew Miss Brooke."

His voice was curt. Nicholas eyed him for a moment.

"Why should you?" he echoed, unpleasantly, and turned away to the window. "And here, if I'm not mistaken, is our friend Beagle at last."

"Alone?" asked Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson.

"Yes . . . that's odd."

"What's odd?" asked Alastair, joining him.

"He's coming down the glen from Loch na Creitheach. I thought he went up Sgurr nan Gillean," said Nicholas, thoughtfully. "Wouldn't it have been easier for him to come down the west side of the glen and over the stepping-stones?"

"There's nothing in it," said Alastair. "That's a shorter way, certainly, but the going's terrible, while there's a path down the Blaven side of Creitheach."

Roderick said: "He may have seen the two women, if he's come along the glen. It's still light enough to see someone on the south ridge."

But Beagle, when he came in, denied that he had seen anyone. And the worried look that came over his face when he heard that the two girls were still out brought back with a rush the apprehensions that we had been trying to dismiss.

He went to change and eat a late meal, and we all sat, talking in fits and starts, and trying not to look out of the window too often.

By now everybody, I think, was convinced that something had happened to the two women, and it was almost a relief when, at nine-thirty exactly, Bill Persimmon came into the lounge and said, without preamble: "I think we'd better go out and look for them. Mr. Corrigan has just come in with Dougal, and they say there's still no sign of them coming down the glen."

The men were on their feet.

"You're sure they went up Blaven?"

Persimmon said: "Certain. They——"

"They might have changed their minds," said Nicholas.

Bill Persimmon looked at him, queerly, I thought. He said slowly: "They went to Blaven, all right. They were seen on it."

"Seen?" said Roderick. "When? Whereabouts?"

"At the Sputan Dhu," said Persimmon dryly.

Ronald Beagle started forward. "At the—but, man, that's no place for a beginner! The Black Spout! That's a devilish tricky climb. Are you sure, Persimmon?"

"Who saw them?" asked Nicholas quickly.

Bill looked at him again. "Dougal Macrae. He saw them making for the gully at about four o'clock. All three of them."

My throat was suddenly dry. I heard myself say in a strange voice: "All three of them?"

He nodded, and his eyes went round the group of faces where a new sort of fear was beginning to dawn. He said: "Dougal says there were three. And . . . everybody else is back. Odd, isn't it?"

"Perhaps they had a guide," said Nicholas.

"They set out without one," said Roderick.

Bill Persimmon backed to the swing door, thrusting it open with his shoulder.

"We'll discuss it after we've found them and brought them in," he said. "The ladies would be well advised to stay indoors. Will the men be ready in five minutes? Come along to the kitchen then, and my wife'll have sandwiches and coffee ready."

I got up. "Can't we help there?"

"That would be very good of you, ma'am. I expect she'd be glad of a hand."

Then he pushed through the door with the other men after him.

When at length they had all gone out into the gusty dark I went slowly back to the lounge. I was thinking, not very coherently, about Dougal Macrae's story. Three climbers? Three?

There could be no possible connection, of course—but I found myself wondering what Jamesy Farlane looked like.

ALMA CORRIGAN had gone to bed, and Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson was upstairs with her mother-in-law. Marcia and I were alone again in the lounge. The curtains had been drawn to shut out the storm, but the rain was hurtling against the windows in fistfuls, and the wind sounded vicious.

Marcia shivered and stretched her legs to the fire.

"Isn't this too utterly ghastly?" she said, and through the outworn extravagance of the phrase I could hear the strain plucking at her throat.

"I'm afraid it does look as if something has happened," I said. "Look, I brought us both a drink, Marcia."

"Oh, you angel." She took the glass and drank a generous mouthful. "I needed that!" She leaned forward in her chair. The big eyes seemed bigger than ever. "Janet, do you believe there is a hoodoo on that mountain?"

I gave a laugh that was probably not very convincing. "No. Of course not. They just went climbing in too hard a place and got stuck. It's always happening. They'll turn up, all right."

"But—the other climber?"

"Whoever it was," I said robustly, "it certainly wasn't a ghost."

She gave a little sigh. "Well, the quicker they're found the sooner to sleep. I hope to heaven nothing's happened to that Roberta child. She's rather sweet—pathetic, in a way. I wonder——"

"It was the other one I found pathetic," I said, and then realised with a shock that I had spoken in the past tense.

But Marcia had not noticed. "That ghastly Bradford woman? But, my dear, she's impossible! Not that I'd want anything to happen to her, but really——!"

"She must be a very unhappy woman," I said, "to be like that. She must know she's making everybody dislike her, and yet some devil inside her drives her perpetually to antagonise everyone she meets."

"Frustrated," said Marcia cruelly, "and how. She's in love with Roderick Grant."

I set down my glass with a click and spoke almost angrily. "Marcia! That's absurd!"

She giggled. She looked like a very pretty cat. "It is not. Haven't you seen the way she looks at him?"

I said sharply: "Don't talk nonsense. She was abominably rude to him, both last night and this morning. I heard her."

"Uh-huh," said Marcia, on a rising note of mockery. "All the same, you watch the way she looks at him. It's just about as noticeable as the way he doesn't look at her — just looks down his nose in that charming, well-bred way he has, and then jumps at the chance of taking you for a walk! If I were you, darling, I'd keep out of her range."

"Oh, nonsense," I said again, feeling horribly uncomfortable. I got up. "I think I'll go to bed."

Marcia uncurled herself and drained her glass. "I'll come, too. I'm certainly not going to sit down here alone. I imagine we'll hear them coming back and'll find out what's happened then."

She linked her arm in mine as we went up the stairs and grinned at me. "Annoyed with me?"

"Of course not. Why should I be?"

"Honey, on account of I say things I oughtn't. And that reminds me—I'm afraid I gave you away tonight. I didn't mean to."

"Gave me away? What d'you mean?"

"I let out to Roderick Grant that you and Nicky had been divorced. I forget how it came up—it was during the shemozzle tonight when you were in the kitchen. I'm sorry, truly I am."

"It's all right." Nicky, I thought. Nicky. I'll bet she spells it Nikki . . .

"I hope it doesn't matter," said Marcia.

I laughed. "Why should it? I don't suppose he'll tell anyone else."

"Oh, well . . ." We had reached the stair-head. "That's all right, then. Come and see my tweed before you go to bed."

I followed her to her room. The window at the end of the passage showed, tonight, only a square of roaring grey against which our reflections glimmered, distorted and pale. Marcia pushed her door open and went in, groping for the light switch.

"Just a sec., I'll see——" The light went on.

I heard her gasp. She was standing as if frozen, her back to me, her hands up to her throat.

Then she screamed—a high, tearing scream.

For a paralysed, horrified moment I couldn't move. My body turned to ice and I stood there, without breath.

Then she screamed again and whirled round to face me, one hand flung out in a gesture of terror, the other clutching her throat.

I moved then. I jumped forward and seized the hand. I said, "Marcia, what is it?"

Her breath came roughly, in gasps. "The murderer. Oh, the murderer . . ."

"Marcia, there's no one here."

She was shaking violently. She grabbed my arm and held it tightly. She pointed to the bed, her lips shaking so much that she couldn't speak coherently.

I stared down at the bed, while the slow gooseflesh pricked up my spine.

Lying on the coverlet was a doll, the kind of frivolous doll in a flounced skirt that the Marcias of this world love to have sprawling about on divans and sofas among the satin cushions. I had seen dozens of them — flaxen-headed, blue-eyed, pink and white and silken.

But this one was different.

It was lying flat on its back on the bed, with its legs straight out and its hands crossed on its breast. The contents of an ash-tray had been scattered over it, and a great red gash gleamed across its neck, cutting its throat from ear to ear.

To be continued

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P.S. "Cheez Whiz" has dozens of other uses. Here's 3: *spread* it on sandwiches, *heat* it for a quick cheese sauce, *spoon* it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.

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In fact, when you spread Velveeta you *don't need butter*. *Saves* money — *adds* extra nourishment to your sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk minerals and Vitamin B_2 lost in ordinary cheese-making. That's why Velveeta means extra value — because of those extra food values.

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This is a washing machine to satisfy an engine-driver's wife. Yet it handles your pretty things with loving care. The Hoover Pulsator sends bubbling suds swirling through every stitch of your clothes, nudging out dirt with a deep-cleaning action as thorough as boiling.

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Takes everything from a double blanket to a hankie with ease, and carefully squeezes them damp-dry. The control panel has a stop button you can work with your knee or thigh, leaving your hands free.

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What is power rinsing? It's a stream of clean water pumping through and through your clothes, draining away the dirty suds that lead to "grey" whites and dingy coloureds. The Hoover does it right in the machine—and in half a minute the clothes are *thoroughly* rinsed, ready for the wringer.

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PRICE: **82** GUINEAS *or a few shillings a week*

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One glass of pure Raleigh Tomato Juice — straight from the 'fridge — will fix a "Sahara" thirst and even give Dad enough energy to finish mowing the lawn.

***At Breakfast** — a glass of Raleigh Tomato Juice — the perfect pick-me-up.*

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***Before Dinner** — serve Raleigh Tomato Juice Cocktails — they're delicious.*

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Take 1 – 16-oz. can of Raleigh Tomato Juice
2 – tablespoons chopped spring onions
2 – tablespoons chopped parsley
1 – teaspoon lemon juice
2 – dashes Worcestershire sauce
¼ – teaspoon salt
Pinch red pepper

Mix thoroughly; chill; strain and serve with salted biscuits.

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DAFFODILS, which thrive in the southern and cooler parts of Australia, make a brilliant garden showing. When they do not grow well in the open, they usually make good potplants. For the best garden effect, plant in clumps or drifts.

COLORFUL SPRING BULBS

Few flowers are more welcome in the spring garden or can be so effectively arranged as daffodils, hyacinths, and other bulbs.

GARDENING

BEFORE winter loses its grip, the paper-white narcissi, golden trumpet daffodils, snowflakes, hyacinths, and some of the anemones are already in bloom.

Many early flowering spring bulbs look best when set out for natural effect in clumps or drifts. With this method, golden daffodils, masses of hyacinths of one color, with lachenalias, grape hyacinths, or sparaxis as borders, give the brightest display.

It is often difficult to choose daffodils from seedsmen's trays because few are properly described.

There are hundreds of daffodil varieties, some cheap, others moderate to high in price. Much depends on whether they are recent introductions. New varieties can cost up to £50 each; others are about 1/- a dozen.

However, some of the most popular varieties, such as Emperor, King Alfred, Olympia, Fortune, Van Waveren's Giant, Empress, Francis Drake, Sulphur Beauty, and Mrs. Thompson, are not expensive and are included in most mixtures.

Hyacinths do best in a rather gritty or sandy loam, although they will flourish in well-drained, heavy black loam. They should be planted deeply in light soil, but given not more than 4in. to 5in. of soil cover in heavier country.

Planted in a sunny spot, in soil that is fertile and porous, or that can easily be penetrated by the rather brittle leaves and later by the 10 or 12-inch flower spikes, the hyacinths will make a colorful display. They also can be grown in bowls or troughs indoors.

All the daffodil family will flourish indoors, but their flowering life, if grown in fibre, is only one season. Then they have to be planted in the open for a year to regain their vigor.

Tulips do best in cold climates or in high altitudes. The soil should be limed well. But don't overdo it—rake in a sound top-dressing about a month before planting.

Failure with many bulbs, particularly daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips, seems to be caused by shallow planting. Daffodils need 6 to 7in. of soil cover, hyacinths 4 to 6in., according to the nature of the soil, and tulips 6 to 7in. Then they produce good blooms.

Thorough soil preparation is necessary for the biggest bulbs. Dig deeply, mix in the oldest manure or compost obtainable, or put down a dressing of blood and bone well under the "foundation" on which the bulbs will stand.

Mix this dressing in with the lower soil, cover with an inch of good topsoil, and plant the bulbs on this; then fill in with good quality topsoil.

Mark the bulb beds with upright sticks to indicate where you have planted them. If you must cultivate to keep down weeds, do it with a small handfork or by hand.

The slightest cut in an expensive hyacinth bulb can mean serious trouble underground or cut off the growing point and can lead to failure.

Bulbous flowers that are happy in the shade are snowflakes, paper-white narcissi, Spanish squills or bluebells, grape hyacinths, and some of the crocus family. Most of the others require full sunlight.

Anemones, sparaxis, and freesias, being of low stature, do best along the edge of the bulb beds. Freesias, however, can be as troublesome in a garden as oxalis and onion weed.

They develop innumerable small corms, which not even sifting will remove. Thus they do best in a bed to themselves.

Continuing . . .

The Gardener's ABC . . .

NECTARY: Plant organ that produces honey.

NEMATODES: Microscopic worm-like creatures, also called nemas, eelworms, or round worms. They live in moist soil, water, decaying vegetable matter, and the tissues, roots, and leaves of plants, and usually are difficult to combat.

NEPENTHES: Pitcher plants. A genus of insectivorous plants, found mostly in tropical countries.

NITRIFICATION: Conversion of organic matter in soil or manure into nitrates, chiefly by the action of bacteria.

NITROGEN: Colorless, odorless, tasteless gas that forms about 77 per cent. of the air and is present in animal and vegetable life in the form of ammonium compounds and nitrates. Nitrogen plays an important part in the cell activities of living plants, contributing specially to the development of leaf and stem tissue. It is an essential plant-food element.

NODE: Point of a stem, usually thickened, where a leaf or whorl of leaves arises. It is from nodes that new plants arise in propagation by suckers, stolons, rhizomes, and runners.

NODULE: Swelling produced on the root of a plant by a fungus or eelworm.

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Egg recipe wins £5

• A new and interesting way of serving the ever-popular stuffed eggs wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest.

THE main prizewinning recipe, eggs in cucumber cups, makes an ideal light luncheon dish served with crisp salad vegetables.

Lamb cutlets in orange sauce, an appetising and delicious dinner dish, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHUNKY SLICES of cucumber, slightly hollowed, make attractive and edible cups for the stuffed eggs. See prize-winning recipe for the luncheon dish on this page.

EGGS IN CUCUMBER CUPS

One large or two small cucumbers, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, ¼lb. green peas, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise, salt and pepper.

Prepare and cook peas in the usual way. Drain and allow to become cold. Wash cucumbers cut into slices 1½ inches thick. Scoop out some of the seeds and centre pulp from one end of each slice, and stand each cucumber cup on a crisp lettuce leaf. Cut top off each egg, and remove egg-yolk, being careful not to break the egg-white. Mash egg-yolk and peas together, season with salt and pepper; bind with mayonnaise. Fill egg-whites with the prepared pea mixture, piling it well up. Replace the egg-tops at an angle, place in cucumber cups. Serve on individual plates with shallots and salad-dressing or mayonnaise.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, 31 Neath Ave., Dover Gardens, via Brighton, S.A.

LAMB CUTLETS IN ORANGE SAUCE

Four lamb cutlets, flour, salt and pepper, 1oz. fat, juice of 2 oranges, 2 teaspoons, sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 1-3rd cup water.

Wipe cutlets with a damp cloth, then roll in seasoned flour. Melt fat in saucepan and brown cutlets evenly on both sides. Pour off excess fat, add orange juice. Cover saucepan and cook cutlets until tender, approximately 25 to 30 minutes. Remove meat and keep hot. Blend sugar, orange rind, extra 1 tablespoon flour and water, stir into saucepan. Bring to boil, cook further three minutes, stirring continuously. Replace cutlets in saucepan until thoroughly reheated. Serve with mashed potato and green peas. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Muir, 133 Gould St., Frankston, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

CRUNCHY meat balls in a savory sauce make this week's family dish, which costs six shillings and threepence and serves five or six.

CRUNCHY MEAT BALLS IN CHEESE SAUCE

One pound minced steak, 1 cup rice breakfast cereal, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, fat or oil, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. grated cheese.

Combine steak, rice breakfast cereal, beaten egg; season with salt, pepper, and tomato sauce. Shape into balls with floured hands. Brown lightly in hot fat or oil. Melt butter or substitute, add flour and mustard, stir until smooth. Cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk and salt; continue stirring until boiling. Stir in cheese, cook gently until melted. Arrange meat balls in ovenproof dish, pour sauce over them, and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

SEEDS FOR FLAVOR *(from page 49)*

lift out. Add sliced onion and brown lightly. Stir in flour, cook until brown. Add stock or water, vinegar, sauce, sugar, mustard seed, celery, and sliced carrot. Continue stirring until mixture boils, return chops, season with salt and pepper; simmer 1½ to 2 hours. Serve hot.

CREAM VEGETABLE SOUP

One and a half tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 4 cups water, 1 cup assorted vegetables, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon celery seed, pepper.

Cook finely diced vegetables in water with salt and celery seed until very soft. Strain and reserve liquid. Place butter in a saucepan, add flour, and stir over heat for 1 minute without browning. Add milk and cook until mixture thickens. Gradually stir in vegetable stock and season to taste with pepper and extra salt if necessary. Simmer 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with croutons.

CRUSTY BUTTERHORNS

One cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, ½ cup lukewarm water, 1 egg, 3½ cups flour, melted butter, poppy seeds.

Combine milk, butter, sugar, and salt. Cool to lukewarm and add yeast, softened in water, then the egg. Gradually work in sufficient sifted flour to make a soft dough. Cover and allow to rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Turn out on to a lightly floured board and divide dough into three portions. Roll each piece to an 8in. circle, brush with melted butter, then cut each circle into 12 wedge-shaped pieces. Roll each wedge, starting from the wide end and rolling to the point. Arrange on greased oven-tray, brush with melted butter, and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Cover and allow to rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.

CABBAGE WITH CARAWAY SEEDS

One medium-sized cabbage, 2 large onions, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon caraway seeds, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 cup hot water, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Cook finely diced onion in bacon fat until golden brown. Add shredded cabbage and remaining ingredients except vinegar. Cover pan and cook until cabbage is just tender. Add vinegar, toss lightly to mix, and serve piping hot.

POPPY SEED NOODLES

Half cup shredded almonds, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 packet egg noodles, 2 teaspoons poppy seeds.

Melt butter in pan, add almonds and fry until lightly browned. Cook noodles in boiling salted water for 10 to 15 minutes, drain, and rinse with cold water. Add nuts, butter, and poppy seeds. Heat thoroughly over hot water and serve with braised chops or steak.

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Continuing . . . **Marriage On Location**

from page 8

my girl!" With a proud smile he introduced me to the girl with the bold features who had been at the party in Brooklyn.

"Hello," I said. "I think we've met."

"I don't think so," she said. I wondered if she was joking. She turned to Nat Brinker. "Waiting long?"

"Oh, no," he said happily. Not counting the seven preceding nights, we had been waiting almost an hour. "You sit down," he said. "I'll get you some coffee." He hurried away across the cafeteria to the steam tables.

"I don't know what the act is," I said, "but I don't think there are two girls in this town named Caroline Starr who look exactly alike. All I have to do is call—"

She laughed, and her laugh stayed with you, just as her features drew that second glance. Both made you a little uneasy.

"There isn't any act," she said. "It's just that Nat takes our friendship a lot more seriously than I do. He's a nice enough boy, and someday he might—" She shrugged. "I can't help it if he thinks I'm his girl."

"Are you?"

"Of course not."

"I see," I said. "Well, if you get any fun out of kidding him, I guess it's none of my business, but I think you ought not to let Nat go around telling people you're his girl."

"How can I stop him?"

"You talk English," I said. "And Nat understands quite a few words. Try telling him the half dozen that add up to the truth."

"Such as?"

"He's in love with you. He thinks you're his girl. If you're not, say so."

"It's not as easy as all that."

"Why not?"

"Nat's sort of simple-minded," she said. "I don't want to hurt his feelings."

"If you don't hurt his feelings now, all you'll do is hurt him really badly in the end. You can't let him go on like this, waiting for you night after night, while you're out with other men."

"Who says I can't?" she asked.

The confidence oozed out of me like air from a punctured balloon. I could feel my face flush. Carrie Starr watched me with a cool little smile.

"What do you get out of it?" I said. She didn't answer. "What do you expect to get out of it?" I said.

"Someday, when I think you're bright enough to understand," Caroline Starr said, "I may tell you."

Soon after I met her, Nat landed a part in a play that received fairly good notices. It ran for six weeks. During that time I decided to leave law school and try for another career. My visits to the gym became less frequent, but when I did go I played basketball with Nat Brinker. We still sat in Steeger's, drinking coffee and waiting for Carrie. And she still stood him up regularly.

I saw her around town, but the meetings were not especially cordial. Usually she was with somebody I didn't know, and, besides, I was bored with her and with Nat Brinker. Early in 1939, when I went abroad, it never occurred to me to look him up to say goodbye.

About eight months later, in Sydney, I was asked to go to the movies with some people I had met in Singapore. They were eager to see a new American film that had rocketed to stardom an unknown actor named Nicholas Brewster.

Nicholas Brewster was none other than Nat Brinker. It was astonishing, but perfectly obvious, that he deserved the eminence he had achieved. His performance was magnificent. And there was absolutely no similarity between the Nat Brinker I had known and the Nicholas Brewster I had seen on the screen.

THE man I had known was dull, sullen, and not very bright. He was so lacking in perception that he had been unaware that the girl he thought was his girl was not even remotely that.

The actor I had just seen on the screen was vital and exciting. There was life in his every movement. There was intelligence in his grasp of the difficult role he played. When he talked, you listened. When he suffered, you suffered with him. He had that rare quality, the capacity to stir the heart.

"Gosh!" said the Australian girl sitting beside me. "That's quite a lad!" So he had sex appeal, too.

A few weeks later, on my way back to New York, I paused for a brief visit with friends in Hollywood. Nick Brewster's name was in the forefront of most conversations. Even in that city of fantastic success stories, Nat Brinker's success story was more fantastic than most.

I didn't mention to my friends or to anybody else the fact that no more than a year ago we had played basketball together. This reticence was not due to my disinclination to bask in reflected glory, even though I have always felt it is an illumination that makes most people look a bit sallow.

During my last months in New York I had dropped Nat Brinker because he had become a bore. I could hardly look him up now. But before I left Hollywood I learned that I had misjudged Nat in another way, too. Nick Brewster called me up.

"You big ape," he said with a touching mixture of eagerness and irritation. "Why didn't you let me know? From total strangers, by accident, I have to find out you've been in town over a week!"

"Well, I—I've been busy."

"Busy? You talk to me about busy? You don't know what busy is until you get caught up in this town. Get a pencil and write down this address. You're coming to dinner tonight."

The house was in Bel-Air; it was a slightly implausible structure made of glass and sheet copper and redwood, built around a swimming pool and a butler. The butler started to tell me that Mr. Brewster would be down in a few minutes, but he never finished the sentence.

At that moment Nick Brewster appeared with a basketball at the far side of the patio. He dribbled the ball fiercely across the flagstones, whooping as he went, circled me twice, leaped high in the air, dropped the ball into an olive tree, and enveloped me in a hug.

"You son of a gun!" he roared. "You look great!"

I told him he looked great, too. But he didn't. Or perhaps I should say he didn't look the way I had expected him to look. I had expected him to look like Nick Brewster, the man on the screen who had affected me so. Instead, he looked like Nat Brinker, the man who had bored me in Steeger's. Apparently the transformation was purely professional.

"How about this!" he said, gesturing towards the pool and the sheet copper and the glass and the redwood. "Some dump, eh?"

I made the expected replies and accepted a drink from the butler.

"We'll have a few," Nick said. "While we wait for Carrie."

My reaction must have been reflected in my face, because he burst into laughter. "I guess you didn't know about Carrie and me," he said finally. "We got married the day after they sneaked my picture out in Glendale and the studio picked up my option."

All at once I felt I understood what it was that Carrie Starr had once said she might tell me someday when she thought I was bright enough to understand. "Congratulations," I said.

Nick and I had a few, and then we had a few more. But by ten-thirty, when it was silly for either of us to keep up the pretence that we were not yet hungry, Nick and I went in to dinner alone.

"She'll get here in a little while," he said apologetically. "It's just she can't always control what happens."

"Why not?" I said.

"Carrie's working pretty hard at her painting. When she gets really going, she forgets all about time."

"Where does she do this painting?"

"She's got a studio up in the hills. Carrie doesn't want me to see any of her stuff until she's ready to show it."

When I left, at two in the morning, Carrie had not yet come home. The following day I went up to San Francisco to visit a few days before going on to New York. Three days later the telephone woke me.

"Hello?"

"Come out of it, darling. You sound drugged. This is Carrie."

"Who?"

"How many Carries do you know?"

"Oh," I said, and I sat up in bed. "Where are you?"

"At the Mark Hopkins. We came up last night for the opening of Nick's new picture. What are you doing?"

"Trying to find my slippers."

"When you do, how about coming up to our suite for breakfast?"

"All right," I said.

It was not a happy occasion. The trouble was that all three of us tried hard to make it seem a reunion, and it's pretty difficult to reunite what was never joined together.

Nick and I, for all the basketball we had played together and for all the hours we had spent at Steeger's waiting for Carrie, had never really been friends. And Carrie and I had never been more than acquaintances.

They were so determined, however, to pretend otherwise that I could not deny them whatever satisfaction they found. All I got out of the meeting was that nothing much had changed.

Nat was obviously as madly in love with Carrie as he had ever been and, just as obviously, she was no closer than she had ever been to feeling for him anything even remotely resembling genuine affection. While all the rest of the world might know she actually cared nothing for him, Nick Brewster was as unaware of the deception as Nat Brinker had been.

Breakfast ended with both Brewsters insisting that I accompany them to Nick's opening that night. We arranged to meet at six.

When I arrived at the Brewster suite that evening, Nick was alone. "Where's Carrie?" I asked.

Nick's face looked as it had when we used to wait at Steeger's, and as it had when we dined together at his house. It was a look I would always associate with him, no matter how many times he changed his name or how many fortunes he'd acquired; it was

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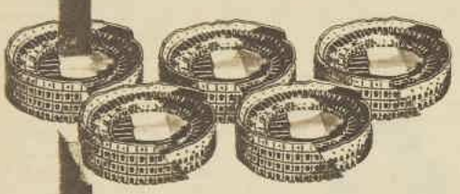

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the look of a bewildered puppy, cringing slightly but resigned to the inevitable blow, yet pitifully hoping that just this once it won't come.

"She'll be here in a little while," Nick said.

We had a quick drink, and then another one, and then I looked at my wrist-watch.

"Maybe she figured we were supposed to meet at the restaurant," Nick said hesitantly. "Yeah," he added with more conviction. "That must be it. Let's get going. Carrie's waiting for us at the restaurant right now."

She wasn't, of course, and when we finished dinner Carrie was still missing.

"She'll be at the theatre," Nick said. "She got stuck somewhere and saw she couldn't make it for dinner, so she went right ahead to the theatre. You wait and see."

Everybody in San Francisco except Carrie seemed to be waiting in the lobby. At first, in the excitement of popping flash bulbs and screaming autograph hounds, I thought her absence would cause comment. However, I soon made a discovery that others have made before me; nobody, except perhaps the movie star's wife herself, ever notices the absence of a movie star's wife.

When we were finally inside the theatre, and the lights were dimmed, Nick leaned towards me. "Let's blow," he whispered. "Let's go pick up Carrie. She'll be at the hotel. You wait and see, she'll be there, waiting for us."

Continuing . . . Marriage On Location

from page 56

At midnight I put down my glass and stood up. "I've got a train to catch at seven-thirty in the morning."

"Stick around," he said. "You don't want to leave San Francisco without saying goodbye to Carrie."

When I left Nick at three in the morning, Carrie had not yet arrived. Four and a half hours later I caught my train to New York.

. . . . .

In our room at the Villa d'Este on Lake Como, I said to my wife, "That was sixteen years ago, and in all that time I've never laid eyes on either one of them."

"Now, really," my wife said. "Here we've been married ten years and you never told me you knew any movie stars."

"As I've been trying to explain, I never felt I really knew Nick Brewster or Carrie."

"That's because you never understood them. It seems simple enough to me," my wife said. "When they first met, he loved her but she didn't love him. All you saw back in those days was a not-very-bright basketball player. What she saw, maybe because she had an artist's eye, was a dynamic, exciting actor. But it didn't make her fall in love with him, and in the meantime she was fishing elsewhere. When Nick finally did come through . . ." My wife shrugged.

"There's one fact you've ignored . . ." I said.

"What's that?"

"Once she landed him, she kept right on fishing elsewhere."

"But all she got, when she landed him, was money," my wife said.

"What more did she want?"

"What he actually had—no matter how she treated him—from the moment he met her," my wife said. "The ability to inspire love."

"Then why didn't she love him?"

"Stop being silly," my wife said. "You can't decide to love someone the way you can decide to marry someone.

"I'd like to show you a little item your neighbors said you couldn't afford."

That's an accident. The people to whom it happens have nothing to do with it."

"Well, if you want to have anything to do with the Brewsters, let's get going," I said. "Carrie said to meet them in the bar at seven."

The bar was crowded, but no place is ever too crowded for cinema royalty. Carrie waved to us from a large corner table, at which the patrons, jammed uncomfortably around the bar, were staring with covetous irritation.

"Hi," I said as we reached her. "Where's Nick?"

"He must have been held up somewhere along the line," Carrie said. "You know these Italian roads." She turned and put out both hands. "So this is your wife!"

The ensuing introductions went down smoothly enough, and so did the first cocktails. After that everything went much more easily, and it was then that I realised, with some astonishment, that Carrie had been uneasy about meeting us.

My wife and Carrie, however, got along beautifully, and this gave me an opportunity to examine Carrie at leisure. I saw how shrewd she had been to have her nose fixed. She had never been beautiful, and she was not really that now. But the operation had given her something she had never had before—a touch of softness.

At eight o'clock I said, "Look, I hate to break up this talk, but hadn't we better begin thinking about dinner?"

"Nick's probably upstairs dressing now," Carrie said. "I'll go see what's keeping him." She left us hurriedly.

"You know something?" my wife said. "I wonder if you couldn't have been wrong all these years?"

"In what way?"

"I expected her to be nasty. But you know"—my wife paused—"I don't get the feeling of nastiness at all."

I started to make a remark about the effects of plastic surgery on character, but I did not get very far with it. Carrie came back to the table. She looked troubled.

"Nick not back yet?" I asked.

"No, not yet."

"How far away is San Gimignano?"

"I don't know," Carrie said. "But I drove it in seven hours."

"Maybe he didn't get away at noon," I said. "Why don't you call San Gimignano and ask what time he left?"

"I just did," Carrie said. "He left at eleven-thirty this morning."

"Oh," I said. "Now, listen, get that look off your face. If there had been an accident or anything like that they would have let you know."

Carrie laughed with a promptness that was unsettling. "Of course," she said. "He probably blew a tyre or something went wrong with the motor. Let's give him another half-hour before we worry about dinner."

We gave him more than half an hour, and by then my wife and Carrie had finished giving each other their autobiographies and my wife had filled Carrie on the more endearing traits of our two young sons.

By the time we were seated in the dining-room, Carrie was well launched on a description of life on location in San Gimignano, where Gaby Pagini, who had been signed for the feminine lead by cable, had raised ceaseless hell because she was under the impression that she, and not Nick, was the star of the picture. At midnight I suggested that it was pointless to wait up any longer.

"Nick's been held up somewhere along the way. He's probably decided to spend the night on the road," I said.

"Of course," Carrie said. "Well, see you in the morning."

. . . . .

It was one of those mornings that never get into the travel circulars. When I woke up, both our views of Lake Como were hidden by a curtain of driving rain.

"Not only that," my wife said grimly. "We also have two balconies on which we can't have breakfast."

We had it in the dining-room, wearing sweaters under our tweeds and staring glumly at the rain.

"I wonder . . ." my wife said when the coffee came.

"So do I," I said. "Think we ought to ring her room?"

"Let's wait awhile and see," my wife suggested.

We waited until after breakfast. Then I asked the man at the desk if Mr. Nicholas Brewster had checked in during the night. He shook his head.

"No, signore."

My wife and I stood aimlessly in the lobby, staring out of the French windows at the lake. With the rain pelting down on it, the water looked like stucco.

"If he's held up somewhere on the road," my wife said, "I don't see why he doesn't telephone or send Carrie a wire."

"Did the guidebook say anything about what you're supposed to do at Lake Como when it rains?" I asked my wife.

"There is always cassino."

A number of other people had the same idea, but we managed to find a table in the card-room. We played without enthusiasm. Carrie Brewster came in at eleven. She was wearing a yellow turtle-neck sweater. I thought her face looked drawn, but she gave us a bright, cheery smile. "Sunny Italy," she said. "Who's ahead?"

"He is," my wife said. "But he cheats. Any word from Nick?"

Carrie shook her head. There was something about the way she did it that touched a bell in my mind. But even though I listened hard, I couldn't quite catch the echo of my memory.

"He'll be along by lunch-time," she said. "You wait and see. Any chance of my getting into this game?"

We played until one-thirty, but Nick did not show up. After lunch we decided to take naps.

"It's the only way to beat weather," my wife said. "If you stare at it, the rain never lets up. But if you turn your back on it, go to sleep, and show it you don't care, it stops."

This particular rain had apparently never heard of my wife's theory. When we woke up, at four-thirty, the rain was coming down so hard that it was no longer possible to see the mountains on the other side of the lake. The telephone rang while we were dressing. It was Carrie Brewster.

"This weather is beginning to get me down," she said. "How about a drink? Come along. I'm in two seventy-one."

Two seventy-one was a huge suite, but it was not necessary to inspect all the rooms to know there was only one person in it. The feeling of loneliness struck you in the face.

"I bribed the management into letting me have a fire," Carrie said. "So we're that much ahead of the game."

It was not until we had been sitting around the fire for almost an hour, watching in silence as the rain faded into the dusk, that I realised that neither my wife nor I had asked about Nick. It was as though we had agreed, before going to a party, to avoid raising a subject painful to our host. And yet my wife and I had not made any such agreement.

At dinner, Carrie Brewster made a valiant effort to lift our spirits with slabs of Hollywood folklore. She knew how to tell a story, and she had a gift for hilarious detail and the explosive phrase. But the rain, and what the rain was doing to our thoughts about Nick, was too much for her.

We sat there, listening to the splashing patter on the terrace, kneading bits of bread into gummy pellets, trying to laugh at her stories, and wishing we had not come to Italy.

On our way to the lounge for coffee, my wife nudged me fiercely and, after we were seated, I said: "Any word from Nick?"

Carrie stopped stirring her coffee, and the look that crossed her face touched another bell in my mind. But I could not bring the tantalising memory into clear focus.

"He'll get here," she said. "He gets held up like this every once in a while."

When we got back to our room, after a couple of hours of cassino during which nobody's mind had been on the

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Save your eyes

from strain and infection

Your eyes work hard every day. They have to contend with glare and smoke and germ-laden dust. No wonder they smart and ache.

A valuable protection for tired, strained eyes is Optrex Eye Lotion. An Optrex eye-bath relieves soreness and irritation, and gently removes dust and impurities. This daily tonic rapidly strengthens the eyes, prevents infection and clears up many minor ills. Your eyes **feel** so much better, your whole outlook is brighter!

Large economy bottle, 5/6 at chemists

Optrex

the EYE LOTION

★ OP22 ★

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/- and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M11

For delicious, non-fattening recipes, buy The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cookbook, on sale at all newsagents, price 1/6. It contains a complete calorie chart.

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BUSINESS COUPLES...

Does the weekend mean another big wash-day to you?

Don't let it! Relax and enjoy yourselves while your MALLEYS does the wash!

There's no such thing as washday with a MALLEYS

When you both work during the week, you *deserve* to spend precious weekend time relaxing. Slaving over a big wash, lifting heavy wet clothes, takes half the pleasure out of being together. So leave your weekends free for fun — leave the work to your Malleys. It washes, rinses, spin dries and turns itself off *completely automatically!*

Arrange to see a demonstration together — in your lunch hour perhaps, or Saturday morning. You'll admire the smooth, lovely look of the Malleys as well as its superb performance. And remember, with easy terms you can instal one in your home *right away*. Dont wait another week to enjoy Australia's own tried and tested Malleys Automatic.

YOU DON'T NEED A HOT WATER SYSTEM!

Malleys heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish • you may choose the **exact** temperature and washing time you require • has safest top loading • no other washing machine can beat its 12-lb. capacity • washes freshest, clean est, BEST, because it pre-soaks gives 3 thorough rinses . . . damp-dries your clothes and adds a final fresh-air tumble! **costs less than any other comparable machine:** 171 guineas, or 142 guineas with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. **Free installation to approved sites, of course.**

HUSBANDS! CHECK THESE CONSTRUCTION DETAILS

Frame is of 14-gauge steel (the same steel used in today's most modern cars) rustproofed for life • non-rusting allodised aluminium—finest material for the job—makes the basket and tank. Bearings are of sintered bronze, to show less wear than any other type in any other washing machine • a powerful pump gets rid of washing and rinsing water in seconds • built-in heating element can never burn out • whole transmission operates through an over-drive, permanently sealed in oil, there are no clutches or gear boxes to wear out or create service problems.

MALLEYS Automatic

Continuing . . Marriage On Location

from page 57

cards, my wife threw her bag on the dressing-table with a gesture of finality.

"I can't stand much more of this," she said. "Let's get out of here tomorrow."

"All right," I said. "But what can't you stand? The rain or Carrie?"

"Both," my wife said. "I wouldn't mind the rain if I understood what's happening. Last night, when it looked as though Nick would be a little late, Carrie seemed annoyed and then upset. Today, when it's become obvious that he's more than just a little late, when any woman would be justified in having hysterics, she's suddenly acting as though nothing is wrong."

"Maybe nothing is wrong," I said.

"Oh, no?" my wife said. "Have you looked into her eyes?"

. . . . .

The next morning the rain was coming down harder than ever and I decided my wife was right. We would get out of here at once. I dressed and went downstairs to arrange for transportation.

The man at the desk was talking on the telephone, so I picked up a copy of the "Herald-Tribune" and glanced at the front page.

Staring out at me from the centre of the page was the smiling face of Nick Brewster. He had his arm around the waist of a girl with a wicked, toothy smile. The caption under the picture read:

"Nicholas Brewster, American screen star, and Gaby Pagini, the fiery queen of Rome's cinema, who have just arrived on the Riviera for a holiday after completing a new film about Cesare Borgia."

I turned and stopped. Carrie Brewster was standing there, refolding another copy of the "Herald-Tribune."

"Hello," I said awkwardly. "I didn't know . . ."

"Neither did I," she said quietly. "Not until I saw this picture. This is yesterday's paper, you know." Carrie shrugged and then went on: "I should have suspected. She's a very sexy dish."

We went over to the windows that looked out on the lake.

"How long has it been going on?" I asked.

Carrie sighed. "Oh, I imagine this one has just started."

"You mean there have been others?"

"Yes," Carrie said. "Quite a few others."

"When did this all start?" I asked.

"About four years ago," Carrie said. "When someone is in love with you for as long as Nick was in love with me, you think they'll go right on being in love with you forever. Then one day you find out they're not in love with you any more."

She uttered a short, dry laugh. "You go out and do a lot of silly things that you think will help. Like having your nose fixed." She shook her head. "It didn't help."

"Why didn't you divorce him?"

Carrie's lips twisted in a small grimace, and again it was the way it had been in the card-room the day before and in the lounge over coffee last night: a bell in my mind had been touched. But this time the recollection came into clear focus.

It was the same expression Nick Brewster used to have in Steeger's, the look he had the night we dined alone at his house in California, and the night we went to the premiere of his picture in San Francisco: the look of a bewildered puppy, cringing slightly but resigned to the inevitable blow, yet pitifully hoping that just this once it won't come.

"When I found out about it four years ago," Carrie said, "I couldn't divorce him. It was too late."

"Too late?"

"I was stuck," she said. "After twelve years of marriage, after fourteen years of not giving a damn about him, I suddenly found out I'd fallen in love with him."

In the long silence that followed, we stared out at the rain as though, in the dismal downpour, we could read the words that would break the awkward silence by which we were both trapped.

"My wife and I are going to try to get out of here today," I said finally. "We'll go any place to get away from this rain. Why not come along?"

"Thanks a lot," Carrie said. "But I'll just stay here and wait for Nick. It never takes very long. Two or three weeks, maybe a month. Sooner or later he shows up." She paused and cleared her throat. "The way I used to show up at Steeger's," she said, and then she added, "sooner or later."

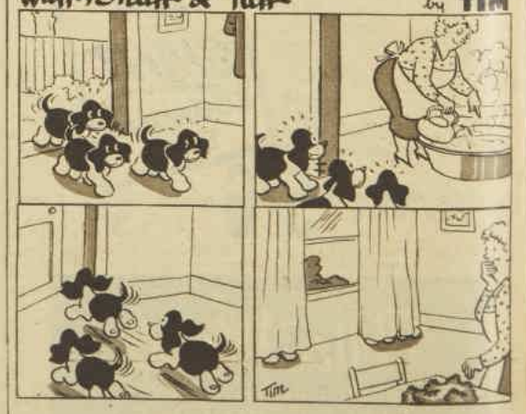
"That doesn't sound very pleasant," I said.

"It isn't," Carrie said. "But you'd be surprised at what you can get used to, if you're in love." She paused. "Nick took it for fourteen years. Now it's my turn."

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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some joke, and staring over their shoulders at herself.

Mr. Hicks, the young English official, was talking.

"I understand that your husband's much better. He was lucky . . ."

She interrupted eagerly. "My husband? It is my husband then?" He looked bewildered, rather touchingly so, she had time to notice.

"Well, but you are Mrs. Raine. Mrs. P. Raine?"

"Yes, I am. But you see, there were two P. Raines in the plane. My husband and his brother Phillip."

"Oh. I'm afraid we hadn't . . ." Her heart sank. "I hadn't quite realised that. The officials here are not very confiding, you know." He walked a few steps, realising the implications. "You must be very worried, Mrs. Raine. You must have had a very bad time."

His sympathetic, charming manner made Louie want to cry.

"Yes," was all she could manage.

"But you'll soon know, won't you? I mean, as soon as you see him . . ."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can he talk?"

"Well, not when my chief saw him. He's all covered with bandages, you know. You can only see his eyes. But, of course, you'll know at once, won't you?"

"Yes, of course."

They had reached the plain concrete building, where Louie's eyes were once more baffled and disturbed by the many notices she could not understand. The notices frequently contained exclamation marks, making them seem angry and urgent. She was glad of Mr. Hicks' comforting presence.

When at last she emerged from the chill interview with the police, during which she had signed a vast number of papers without an idea of their meaning, Mr. Hicks was ready with a large vehicle which looked like a private car, but which he assured her was a taxi.

"I wish I could come in with you," he said, as they drove very fast along rather bad suburban surfaces. "But they won't stand for it, I'm afraid. Weird way of going on, it must seem to you. But these blokes . . . Anyway, you'll be glad to be alone with your husband, I expect."

He seems determined that it is my husband, Louie thought. Nervously envisaging a mummy-like figure made of bandages like a Guy Fawkes effigy, she vaguely noticed the dull ugly streets through which they passed, with badly made roads and towering blocks of flat-faced buildings; others unfinished and reaching up desperate claws of rusty scaffolding and wire to the hot blue sky. Then for a short time their car turned into a bright, neoned street, with one or two brave hotel fronts, lively clumps of geraniums and big shop windows.

On the pavements the people walked about, apparently happy but, to her Western eyes very drab looking, as if they had not been dusted for years and all their real colors had been lost. There were curious, noisy little trams, operated by more baggily overalled women, and many important-looking uniforms about.

"We're just about there now," Mr. Hicks said. And she saw that they were pulling up before a square, greyish building, standing in a sort of gravelly garden where more red geraniums struggled up from a thick reddish clay soil.

As they stood on the steps together she began to feel desolate; Mr. Hicks already seemed to have gone, and she was alone again. To face—what?

"I'm afraid I can't do anything more after I've just explained who you are," he said. "Do you speak French?"

"Yes, after a fashion."

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Continuing . . . . I Still Love You

from page 5

"I daresay there'll be someone who can speak it, too. Some one left over, sort of, from the earlier times. It was their second language then, like most continental countries."

"I hope so." But her mind was not on her words. It was straining forward to penetrate the ground-glass door and into the room where he lay.

In this daze she hardly noticed the people who received them, or even Mr. Hicks' farewells. Until she stood in the plain little room, looking down at the bandaged lump which was—who?

"Peter! Is it you?"

There was a nurse somewhere in the background, and behind her, outside the door, a sort of policeman. But she felt quite alone with the figure in the bed as she approached and sat down close to it.

There was something terribly sinister about the rounded shape from which only the dark eyes peered, like a prisoner staring from a cage. The underside of his nose could just be seen, with the fringing edge of the bandage blowing in and out as he breathed.

From the place where his mouth would be a white plastic tube stuck out, adding its own touch to the general horror. And near to her, on the dull grey blankets lay his hand. It was half concealed by bandages, and the visible part was covered with healing scratches and bruises. The nails were broken, except that on the thumb where it was much too long.

Louie stared at this strange shape and felt her heart filling with love and pity. He must have suffered so much, felt so lost and lonely. Whatever comfort she could bring was his—whoever he was.

"Oh, darling," she said helplessly. The dark eyes flickered at her.

. . . . . .

From this strange beginning flowed the long hours when she sat staring at him. He was unconscious nearly all the time, under drugs, they said, to ease the pain. And they had warned her not to say anything which might disturb or excite him.

With the exception of short walks in the gritty little garden and the times when they took him away on a trolley for treatment, she passed all her time by his bed. For hours she stared at his limp hand while he slept. Surely she would know if it were her husband's hand? The hand which had placed the ring on her finger, which had joined with hers in so many loving and friendly gestures?

And yet she could not be sure. The two brothers had similarly shaped hands. Was it Phillip, under the bandages? Phillip who had always meant romance, glamor, thrills to her when she thought of him. Or Peter, dear Peter, with whom she had shared the friendly years?

One day, while he slept as usual, she passed the time by making silly little drawings, very inexpert but enough to give her a small distraction. She sketched with the pad and pencil she kept in her bag for shopping. On the top sheet was written a list: Lettuce, bread, eggs. The simple words seemed like signals from another world.

Looking sadly up, she met the brown eyes staring through the bandages. He was making a small, pitiful gesture. He wanted the writing-pad. Carefully, with excitement rising in her, she placed it under his left hand, holding it steady after she had fixed his fingers round the pencil.

Laboriously the hand began to write. There was something frightening in the way it wrote, as if disembodied, like a spirit hand, unconnected with his head, from which the pain-filled eyes still stared upwards.

Under his hand she saw the awkward half-printed words appear. Preoccupied as she had been with the problem of his identity and their distasteful surroundings, she was amazed to see that his mind was working on a different line. The message she read was: I STILL LOVE YOU.

But who are you? Who are you? her mind cried, exasperated. She saw suddenly that he did not realise her own ignorance of his identity. He thought she knew him as he knew her. She frowned down at the pathetic scrawl. Was it Peter, forgiving her for the hurt he had suffered at their last meeting, when they had so dreadfully quarrelled? Or was it Phillip, wanting, in these reducing circumstances, the reassurance that she loved him in spite of everything?

Desperately she wrote on the pad herself. But before she had finished she saw that his eyes had closed and she heard the hard, noisy breathing which told her he was unconscious again.

Then the door-handle turned. It was the nice little nurse and the two white-tuniced men who operated the trolley. Time for the injured man to be wheeled away again out of her reach.

She followed the group out into the corridor. The little nurse smiled at her. Louie

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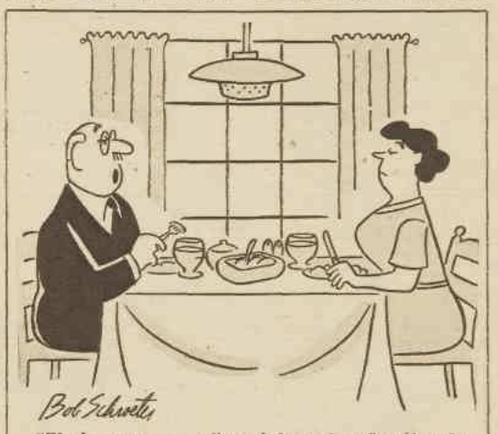
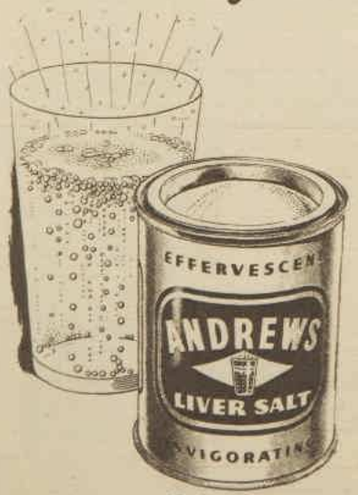


"That's strange . . . all my help at the office thought that story was uproariously funny."

A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*



Here's why: *Sparkling Andrews* refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews is the mildest of laxatives; gently clears your system of harmful impurities, thus promoting inner cleanliness.

Invigorating Andrews is sold at all chemists and stores.

For Inner Cleanliness!

¼ lb tin 3'- • ½ lb. Family Size 4'9 • ¾ lb. Economy Size 6'3

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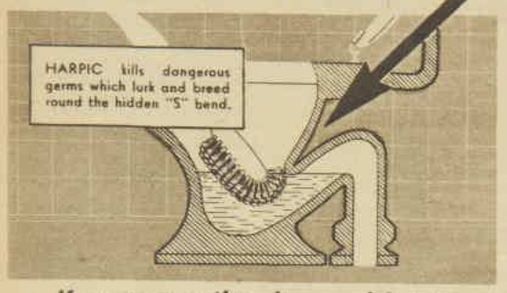
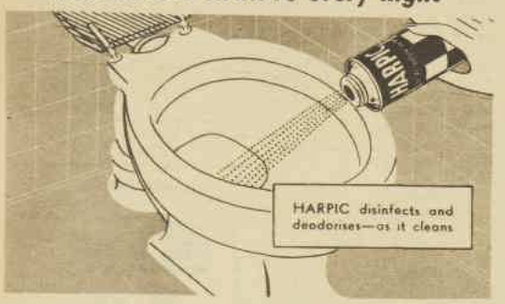
No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND



Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

Continuing . . . . I Still Love You

from page 59

found the courage to speak in her halting French.

"Where are his . . . my husband's clothes, please?"

The nurse said she regretted that monsieur's clothes had had to be burned. Madame would understand, they had had to be cut off him; they were all blood-stained and torn anyway. But when monsieur was able to leave, no doubt the hospital authorities would provide . . .

"Oh, it's not that," Louie cried when she understood. "But his things, his passport, for example . . . his wallet with papers in . . .?"

The police had all these, the nurse explained. When they were ready they would return them, no doubt. Her kind eyes, which had been watching Louie's face, now changed and looked thoughtfully back into the room. "There was just one thing . . ." she murmured.

Eagerly Louie followed her back into the small ward. A metal chest-of-drawers stood by the wall. The nurse opened the top drawer. Louie asked herself, why did I not think of looking there?

The nurse held out her hand. In it lay a silver cigarette-lighter. As Louie took it and looked closely at it she felt the hair rising backwards on her forehead. It was the lighter she had given Phillip for his birthday years ago when they were in love.

"Where was this found, Nurse? Please tell me . . . was it just picked up near the accident? Just lying on the ground?"

The nurse creased her white forehead, trying to understand Madame's urgency and evident distress.

"No, Madame. I myself took it from Monsieur's pocket. I felt it hard . . . something hard in the way of the scissors I was using . . ."

Louie turned her head away. So it was Phillip after all. Then Peter? Peter was dead and she must face it. Her eyes filled with tears and she could no longer control herself. Bending over her supporting hands she began to choke with desperate sobs. Her tears ran down her wrists, into the unironed cuffs of her blouse.

The nurse made a movement to comfort. She put a hand doubtfully and tenderly on her shoulder.

"Have courage, Madame."

Louie sat more upright and fumbled for her grubby handkerchief.

"Yes, Sister."

The little, gentle nurse, so different from the others, started. "Why do you call me Sister?" She looked frightened.

"It's usual in England. Some nurses are called Sister."

The nurse breathed out with relief. "Ah, I understand. For a minute I was afraid . . ."

Louie forgot her own distress. She put her hand on the nurse's arm. "You cannot be afraid of me. What did you fear?"

The nurse looked towards the door. Then she whispered.

"I thought perhaps you knew, somehow, that I am a nun. Now, since some years it is not allowed . . . So I do this work . . . But . . ."

"I will say nothing, of course. I am so grateful to you, Nurse, for your kindness."

They heard voices outside and another nurse came in. They began to remake the bed. It was time for Louie to walk again round the dreary little gravel paths, staring at the grim geraniums and the baked earth. A few round clouds sailed rather carefully overhead, like ships manoeuvring into formation.

As always, Louie had only *her thoughts* for company. Looking up, she saw a moving light among the burly clouds. It was an aircraft caught in the sun's rays. She remembered the plane in which she had come to this sad place, remembered her own thoughts then. Could she actually have wondered, even for a moment, which man she wanted to find at the end of her journey? It seemed insane now.

She leaned against the wall of the building and followed the passage of the brilliant speck. Phillip's lighter was tightly gripped in her fingers. This time she tried to imagine the inside of the plane in which Peter and Phillip had journeyed on their fatal flight. She saw them sitting together.

Peter wanted to smoke, but, as usual, no matches resulted from his nervous pocket search. Clearly Louie envisaged Phillip offering his lighter, smiling in the way he did when he had been cruel, but was already bored with the effect of his cruelty.

Oh, suppose, suppose, her heart cried, that it had only been like that. Wishful thinking, the grey walls mocked her back.

It's no good pretending, she told herself. I have to face it. *But somehow these were* only words. Her mind spoke them, but her heart was numb and without reaction.

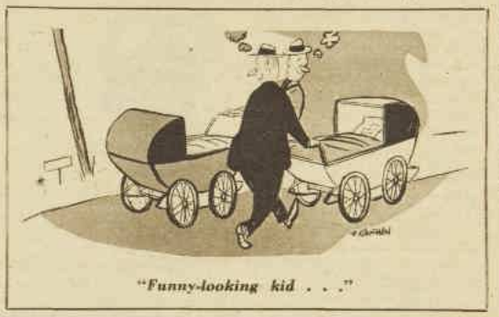
Back in the ugly little room the very walls seemed to be painted with depression and despair. As Louie's eyes fell on the familiar bandaged shape in the bed a shock seized her. With overpowering pain she realised that this was really Phillip and not, as she had secretly convinced herself all these days, her husband, who would presently be well and come home with her. She was alone, and all the future of love and living that she had taken for granted would never come about.

She took a few paces in the narrow room and then sat down jerkily in the chair. The sudden revelation opened the emotional gates. Louie began to cry violently and childishly as her long control broke down. The dark eyes in the white cotton mask flickered at her and the battered fingers lifted slightly.

"Oh, Phillip, I'm so sorry. But I can't help it . . . I just can't help it. I want Peter so much. Marriage is . . . it's different, Phillip."

She saw him looking at her, and with an effort she made herself calmer. The grubby little handkerchief helped to steady her as she wiped her eyes and her nose. Emerging from it she saw the bandaged fingers moving again . . . asking . . .

Arranging the pencil in his grip she thought, what can he write that is worth reading now? But with an effort she focused her wet eyes on the page. Painfully printed, the straggling blind-looking letters spelt one word: LOONIE.



"Funny-looking kid . . ."

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A40/55—2751

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F4448.—Smartly styled one-piece maternity dress designed with comfortable waist expansion. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾ yards 36in. material. Price 3/9.

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F4449.—Pretty late-day dress features one of the new "high-in-front, low-at-back" necklines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yards 36in. material. Price 3/11.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4451.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's slip and matching panties. Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires: Petticoat, 1¼yards 36in. material; panties, ⅝ yard 36in. material, plus 6 yards lace edging. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 416.—ONE-PIECE SUMMER DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to sew with full making instructions. The material is a printed cotton fabric, obtainable in blue and mauve, aqua and lemon, and pale pink and rose-pink. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

No. 417.—CARD-TABLE COVER

The cover is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in cotton headcloth. The color choice includes blue, green, grey, lemon, and deep rose-pink. Sizes, 36 by 36in., 14/3. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

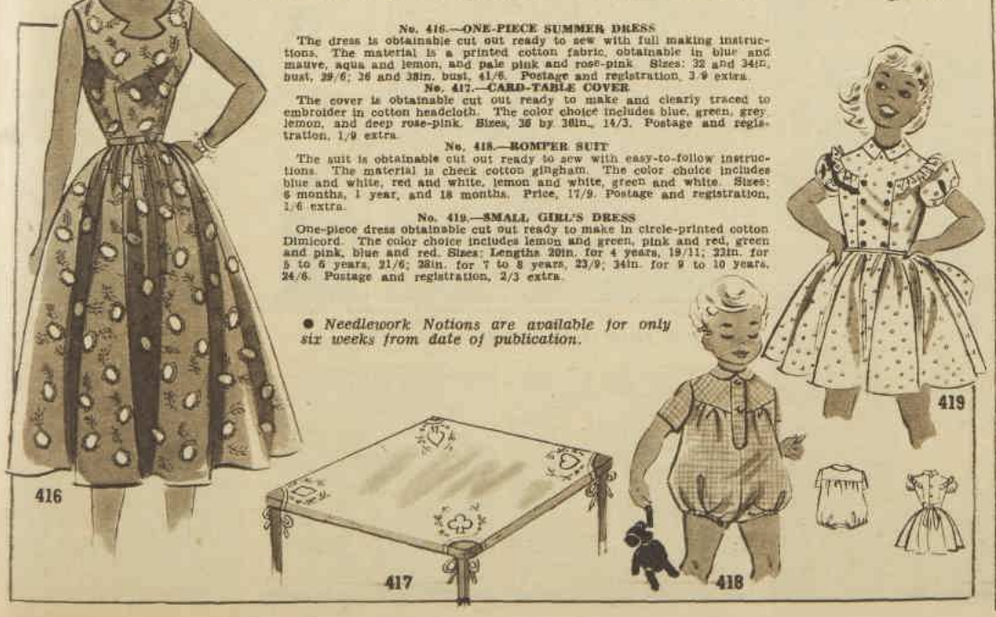
No. 418.—ROMPER SUIT

The suit is obtainable cut out ready to sew with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is check cotton gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, green and white. Sizes: 6 months, 1 year, and 18 months. Price, 17/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 419.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS

One-piece dress obtainable cut out ready to make in circle-printed cotton Dimicord. The color choice includes lemon and green, pink and red, green and pink, blue and red. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years, 19/11; 22in. for 5 to 6 years, 21/6; 28in. for 7 to 8 years, 23/9; 34in. for 9 to 10 years, 24/6. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*



BOND'S S'PORT BRIEFS and T'SHIRT styled by Munsingwear (U.S.A.) to bring you Extra Comfort

S'PORT BRIEFS, like Bond's T-Shirts, are made of finest suede interlock cotton, knitted from top quality yarn.

S'PORT BRIEFS WITH EXCLUSIVE

FOR COMFORT AND FIT, IT MUST BE KNIT — BUY BOND'S
Bond's S'port Briefs and T-Shirts are available at all leading stores.

Add dash to every dish!

Always a mealtime favourite, *Rosella Tomato Sauce* has the true tomato flavour that *instantly appeals*, adding appetising zest to your everyday meals. No Preservatives. No Artificial Colouring.

with Rosella TOMATO SAUCE

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have gone to Africa in search of Mandrake's sister, Lenore, who disappeared while trying to discover the closely guarded secret of Witchmen's Peak. All the local natives are afraid of the peak because the witch-doctors learn their magic there. Mandrake says that his magic is greater than that of the witch-doctors and that he can restore the speech of the trader who had not spoken since he told Lenore about Witchmen's Peak. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — BY RUD

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Send your man to work looking smarter in American styled MATCHED work clothes

CANT-TEAR-EM

SANFORIZED

MATCHED

SHIRTS AND PANTS

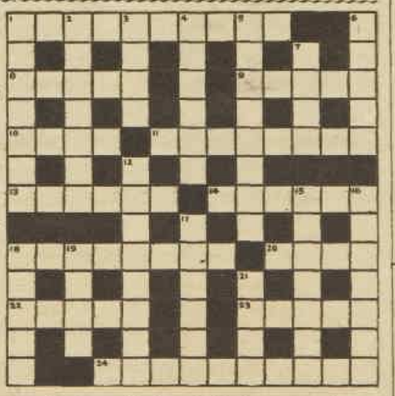
FIVE matching colours:
KHAKI • GREY • NAVY
FAWN
JUNGLE GREEN

★ Unconditionally Guaranteed

JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 6/- EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Discovered the meaning of nothing, in deed. (10)
8. Size the lager could be. (5)
9. Coloring substance which mostly isn't. (5)
10. Beastly den for a liar. (4)
11. They live wild in the Scottish Highlands. (3, 5)
13. Bluster with a Trojan brave. (6)
14. Quivering with a strong pulsation. (6)
18. Ten hours. (Anagr. 8)
20. A bottle by way of fifty. (4)
22. Grow old inside a bet. (5)
23. Appeared as dopes. (5)
24. This seems to be a breakfast acquired in an illegal way. (7, 3)

DOWN

1. Treacherous singing lady hairdresser. (7)
2. Stimulant for the heart or acid to a car. (7)
3. Creative writer headed by a creative writer. (4)
4. Birds but not birdies on a golf links. (6)
5. Deep exit. (Anagr. 8)
6. Form of aster gathered by local authorities. (5)
7. Such table is not furniture. (4)
12. The gay deceiver of the Fair Penitent. (8)
15. New edition concerning a discharge. (7)
16. It seldom loses a grip. (7)
17. Fragment of cloth in twitching is distressing. (6)
18. The man who scatters seed could be worse. (5)
19. Drive in an amateur gentleman. (4)
21. Arched recess in church. (4)

Solution will be published next week.

ELEPHANT TEST
S N E I T X A
POSSETS RITES
O U L U A R T
USERS SUMMARY
S E G
ENTERTHELISTS
V S P
CADENCE STARE
R R A A H S A
EBONY SLEEPER
S I S E E E
TOTE ESTRANGE

Solution of last week's crossword.

Someone didn't

INSIST ON "SELLOTAPE"

What a catastrophe! Ink bottles smashed, footpath stained, nylons ruined—all because the man who wrapped the parcel didn't insist on 'Sellotape'. Make *sure* you do!

"Sellotape" IS THE CONSISTENT BRAND OF STICKY TAPE

'Sellotape' always comes to you "factory-fresh", because each roll is overwrapped in protective "Cellophane"*. 'Sellotape' never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. Insist on 'Sellotape'. It sticks and stays stuck!

For the home: 'Sellotape' costs only 9d. for the 3 yard roll, 1/9 for 8½ yards. A thousand uses round the house — and the youngsters need it for school, too!
For the factory, shop or office: 'Sellotape' comes in factory-sealed tins of 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.

* "Cellophane" is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.

Secret of a 'SPOTLESS' SKIN

Use the SOAP with the OINTMENT in it!

Cleanliness is the chief beauty secret! To keep *your* skin spotless and attractive, use fragrant, super-fatted Cuticura Soap. The rich, mildly medicated, deeply penetrating oils in this refreshing soap will increase the benefit. At bedtime smooth in Cuticura Ointment, leaving it overnight.

Cuticura Talcum is heavenly after your bath—so fine, so fragrant—and silk-soft.

SKIN NEEDS Cuticura

In the traditional style —in the home for a LIFETIME

In Swan-Cromalin plate or polished aluminium. Black plastic lid. Holds 6 cups. See these at your store.

SWAN BRAND 'Willow' TEAPOT

BULPITT & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND

M-W.375

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In 1956 8 of the 9 major Motor Races in Australia were won on BP FUELS and ENERGOL

MOTOR OIL

1. SOUTH PACIFIC CHAMPIONSHIP
January.

2. VICTORIAN TROPHY
February.

3. ARGUS TROPHY
March.

4. PORT WAKEFIELD TROPHY
March.

5. BATHURST '100'
April.

6. S.A. TROPHY
June.

7. THE AUSTRALIAN TOURIST TROPHY
November.

8. THE AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX
December.

Races, rallies and hill-climbs are important, perhaps the most important, proving-grounds for automotive fuels and oils. The fact that BP Racing Fuels, BP SUPER and Energol Oils have come through the 1956 Australian Motor Sports season with flying colours proves the outstanding qualities of these fine products.

The BP SUPER used by Australia's leading racing drivers is identical with the BP SUPER you can buy from your local C.O.R Service Station.

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